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HERBERT TRESHAM:

A TALE

OF

The Great Rebellion.

BY THE

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"It is but fit that the memory of these sufferings should be revived, that they may not be repeated."

WALKER'S SUFFERINGS, p. vi.

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PREFACE.

It may be well to observe, that the arguments and railings against the Church, which are put into the mouths of the Puritans in the following pages, are, without an exception, taken from contemporary pamphlets put forth by that party. I refer more particularly to the works of Lewis Hews, from which many of the speeches in Chapter VI. are extracted almost *verbatim*. To those who are but partially acquainted with the writings of that faction, it might appear incredible that such arguments could ever have been brought forward, or have produced, as they undeniably did, so much effect; and they might, without this notice, accuse me of wilfully drawing a caricature, instead of a likeness.

I may also mention that it is doubtful whether

White, the infamous author of the "*Century*," lived to the time of which the following tale treats; and the probability appears to be on the opposite side. The reader will therefore pardon the anachronism, if it be one.

PENZANCE,
The Feast of All Saints, 1842.

HERBERT TRESHAM.

CHAPTER I.

All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion ;
And many a cloud sweeps by, and none sojourns.
Lightly is life laid down among us now,
And lightly is death mourned—the worse for us !
He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.

PHILIP VAN ARTIVELDE.

THE little village of Scaldwell, in Northamptonshire, the scene of the following story, lies about midway between the towns of Northampton and Kettering; and presents, even now, when commerce and manufactures have opened one of their greatest lines of communication in its neighbourhood, the beau idéal of an English hamlet. It is, indeed, but little altered, in outward appearance at least, from the time at which our tale commences,—the summer of the eventful year, 1645. The cottages may have been succes-

sively rebuilt, as one by one they yielded to the silent influence of the weather, or were enlarged and modernised to suit the tastes of successive lords and tenants: the parsonage, with its fair oriel, projecting porch, and high gables, has given way to an humbler, if more commodious, structure: yet these occupy the same places; and the village church, girded in with a lovely circle of elms, stands unaltered amidst surrounding changes: no bad type of that spiritual Church, immutable amidst a world of mutability, which summons Her children of to-day to the same prayers, comforts them with the same promises, and instructs them in the same lessons, as She set before their fathers and forefathers, long since departed in Her communion, and now at rest.

It was at the time when, more than at any other, earth seems to put on something of the calmness and holiness of Heaven,—a bright evening in the beginning of June, that Mr. Tresham, the rector of the parish we have just named, was returning with his daughter from a parochial visit to one of the more distant cottages. At a season, when with that remarkable presentiment of future events, so constantly occurring, and so difficult to explain, men's minds were filled with the expectation that some great and decisive event was about to take place, that some crisis was about to terminate the fearful struggle then devastating England, it is no wonder that after a few remarks on the inmates of the cottage they had just left, the conversation of the father and daughter

should turn on the state of political affairs, and the probable fate of the royal cause. Indeed, it was evident that a crisis was at hand: the unfortunate issue of the treaty of Uxbridge, in the preceding spring, had shown clearly that no terms of compromise could be expected; yet matters appeared so evenly poised, that human foresight could hardly guess on which side the scale would eventually incline. In the west, Taunton was hard pressed by the royal arms; the four associated counties, Cornwall, Devonshire, Dorsetshire, and Somersetshire, were actively bestirring themselves to raise supplies of men and money for the King; the presence of the Prince at Bridgewater served admirably to consolidate the interests of those who supported the good cause, and his little court was the rallying point for the western royalists. It was hoped, that before the end of the month Taunton would be invested with an army of ten thousand men; and as it was known to be but indifferently garrisoned, its speedy surrender was confidently expected. In the north, the successes of Montrose had been the subject of much exaggerated report. It was, moreover, well known that the self-denying ordinance, passed in the previous spring, had disgusted many active partisans of the parliament: that the displacement of the Earl of Manchester from the dignity of commander-in-chief, in order to make way for Sir Thomas Fairfax, was viewed with suspicion: the new-modelling of the army was made the theme of much animadversion; and the resignations of the Earl

of Essex, Sir William Waller, and the Earl of Denbigh, were much lamented by many. Preparations, too, for the ensuing campaign, were more forward on the side of the royalists than on that of the rebels. To a casual observer, therefore, the balance might appear to preponderate for the former; but they who looked more deeply into things would have come to a different conclusion. That which, after all, constituted the chief strength of the royal cause, was the veneration for long-established usages, the love of the past, the instinctive abhorrence of change, the belief in

> "Power, by a thousand tough and stringy ties,
> Twined to the people's pious nursery faith,"

which till then had been the Englishman's birthright and dearest portion: and these had been sorely wounded in the first campaign: the magic circle which fenced in the sacredness of majesty had been broken in upon; and now, that a second and third had passed, and a fourth was commencing, men began to feel that it was a triumph to rebellion not to have been overthrown, and that every month was reducing the moral strength of the contending parties to an equality. Rumours, too, spoke loudly of dissatisfactions and heartburnings in the court: dissensions between Prince Rupert and Lord Goring were more than hinted at; the licentiousness which pervaded Sir Richard Grenville's regiments was notorious; and the surprisal of Evesham by the parliamentary forces was looked

on as a bad omen for the following summer, and not at all counterbalanced by the capture of Hawkesley House, with a hundred and twenty prisoners. At a time, when, from the long peace it had so happily enjoyed, so little was known in England of the art of war, that two hostile regiments had marched in parallel lines the whole day at a distance of only four miles, without either being aware of the other's proximity, it cannot be supposed that authentic information would soon reach so obscure a village as Scaldwell. Scarcely a day passed but some extravagant rumour was afloat: now, that Fairfax had surprised Oxford; now, that Cromwell and Sir William Waller had possessed themselves of the Prince's person; now, that Goring had been defeated and killed, and the siege of Taunton raised. All the reports were unfavourable to the royal cause: a tendency, afterwards believed by some providentially ordered as a foreshadowing of the future event. Lively, indeed, was the interest taken when a copy of the 'Mercurius Rusticus' found its way into the village; failing that, curiosity was forced to rest contented with the tales of such straggling soldiers as from time to time visited the spot; or with the tales of those hawkers, who to their ordinary stock in trade, now added a large quantity of party lampoons, so arranged, that, as their customers were Roundhead or Cavalier, the collection might be laid before him which would best suit his views. For the former, they had such pamphlets as—'*Have ye any firebrands to your foxes? or a plain discovery of the*

popery and malignancy of his majesty's advisers;' *'Two looks over Lincoln;'* *'The little great man: or the true portraiture of his grace in the Tower.'* The latter were regaled with—*'A dialogue between pope and puritan; wherein is set forth their amity and agreement;'* *'[1]He that hath ears to hear, let him hear: or, a true delineation of a preacher in Friday Street.'* The village itself, with one or two exceptions, was loyal; several of the husbands and brothers of its inhabitants were serving for the king; and nothing had yet been felt in it of the immediate horrors of civil war. The best accredited accounts represented the king on his march to meet the Scotch army in Yorkshire; Fairfax, as hovering about Oxford; and Goring, as blockading, though but too negligently, Taunton.

"I almost marvel," said the rector, "that a time of such peace and holiness as this should not attune men's minds to love and unity. God made this beautiful world—for beautiful it is, after all,—for scenes far different from those it is now witnessing. Long as I have known this spot, it never seemed to me so lovely as now; perchance, because I never before felt how soon its loveliness might be intruded on and destroyed."

And a less partial eye than the rector's might have dwelt with delight on the scene. The sun was setting

[1] This title refers to the punishment of the notorious Henry Burton, lecturer for some time at St. Matthew's, Friday Street, and a great spreader of seditions and schismatical principles.

behind the high ground of Naseby on the right, and bringing its tower and windmill into strong relief against the pale gold of the western sky: immediately over the hill hung a long line of clouds, like thick dark foliage blossoming with gold; here and there a bright-winged purple cloudlet hung lazily in the air, as if loth to leave so much beauty; while the blue grey mist of a summer evening was stealing over the eastern landscape. Before, the tower with its glittering weathercock peeped above the trees; and the brown thatch and carved and twisted chimney stacks of the village cottages might here and there be caught sight of through the branches. The cattle were slowly wending to the farmyard; the hedger, putting off his *darnocks*, and gathering up his basket and implements; the team being led down to the village pond; and the silence only disturbed by those sweet sounds of rural peace that render it a luxury to linger near an English village on a summer's evening; the tinkling of the sheep-bell; the merry laugh from field or garden; the shutting of the cottage wicket; the cawing of some solitary crow winging its idle way homewards; and the occasional clanking of the blacksmith's forge.

"This is just the time," remarked Agatha, "that, before the troubles began, the bells would have been chiming for evening service. How much I miss it! it seems woven into all my happy recollections of childhood. I remember how my dear mother would bid us leave off our play in the hayfield when the bells

began, and talk to us of the privilege of being admitted day by day to worship in the church; and would tell us how David seemed to envy the very sparrows and swallows that had formed their habitations in God's house. Then, in winter, as we crossed the lawn, and looked up at the thousand bright stars twinkling over our heads, she would remind us, that if night after night praises God with such mute eloquence, much more should we magnify Him daily. And oh! in the bright summer mornings, how she would call us to remember the words of the psalm of praise in which we were so soon about to join; and tell us to look at those lovely heights of Naseby, and reflect that 'The strength of the hills is His also.' Oh! I do unspeakably miss the daily service!"

"Your mother, my Agatha, is taking part in a far nobler Daily Service; for it is written—His servants shall serve Him. She took delight here in approaching to God (and after the reverent fashion of the day, the rector raised his hat at the holy name) in His Temple: and what must be that House, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, where she now is!"

"It seems but a day," Agatha continued, "since we assembled so happy a party in that same house. And now, how are we scattered! my mother gone to her rest; Herbert in all the danger of an army, exposed to instant action; Rose and I alone left to take care of you; and Basil—"

"Do not talk of him," replied her father; "do not

remind me that one of my children should have, by forgetting his allegiance to his earthly monarch, shown how little true allegiance he bore to his GOD. Herbert, at least, is doing his duty; and if all reports are true, is doing it right manfully. Still, if we had faith as a grain of mustard seed, we should believe that, after all, the strength of the royal cause lies more in the fervency of the prayers of its adherents, than in the strength of its armies, or the skill of its generals. It struck me much, the other day, that what Abijah said to Jeroboam, we may say to our assailants now: 'And now ye think to withstand the kingdom of the LORD in the hand of the sons of David; and ye be a great multitude. Have ye not cast out the Priests of the LORD, the sons of Aaron, and the Levites, and have made you priests after the manner of the nations of other lands? But as for us, the LORD is our GOD, and we have not forsaken Him; and the Priests that minister unto the LORD are the sons of Aaron; and the Levites wait upon their business: for we keep the charge of the LORD our GOD; but ye have forsaken Him. O House of Israel, fight ye not against the LORD God of your fathers; for ye shall not prosper.'"

"That is a comforting point of view," replied his daughter. "Then you think that GOD will not suffer the enemies of His Church to prevail in this struggle?"

"Far be it from me, my child, thus to look forward into futurity. I do not, indeed, think that GOD

will suffer His Church in this land finally to fall; not, indeed, that He has given us a promise of the indestructibility of any portion of it, for it is of the Church Catholic that He has said 'The gates of hell shall not prevail against it:' but still, 'Right dear in the sight of the LORD is the death of His saints:' and I can hardly believe that a Church of more than twelve hundred years' standing, which can boast of more Saints and Martyrs than any other, which has sent out teachers and missionaries into all parts of the world, which has given such glorious proofs of zeal for GOD's honour in Her temples, and colleges, and religious foundations, should be permitted to fall without a struggle. She may, indeed, be called to pass through the fire of all afflictions; She may be counted worthy to suffer persecution for CHRIST's sake; and even in this very year one of Her Prelates has been called to a place in the noble army of Martyrs. But She will come forth refined and purified; GOD is with Her now, and right earnestly I trust that He will abide with Her."

"With us," said Agatha, "He has dealt most mercifully. Some of the accounts I have heard and read of the treatment that other clergymen and their wives and families have experienced, have made my blood run cold. I have often felt, that had I been called to such trials as have some of their daughters, I must have sunk under the temptation."

"Say not that," answered the clergyman; "GOD could, and, I doubt not would, have given faith

equal to the need. But we must not expect this state of things to continue. We are so completely placed between the two armies, that a visit from one or the other can hardly be escaped; and they say, since my Lord Goring's visit to Oxford, discipline has much relaxed in the royal army; so that in either case, our village would suffer."

"It is very sad," said Agatha, "that a good cause should use such unworthy means for its support."

"It is one of the necessary curses of a civil war," replied the rector. "When the troubles first began, the Royalists, and, to do them justice, in most instances, the Rebels, paid fairly and honestly for whatever they took; and the halt of the King's army at any village was a general holiday. Now, no one dreams of purchasing, when it is so much easier to take."

By this time, the speakers had reached the stile which leads from the fields to the village, and were surprised to see, galloping down the street, a horseman, whose whole appearance, even in the distance, bespoke him a cavalier. Men, women, and children, came to the doors of their cottages, and looked after him as he passed. He seemed to have travelled far and fast, for his jack-boots were sorely stained, and his accoutrements tarnished and neglected; and his horse, though a fine animal, seemed much distressed. As he passed the stile, he stopped short in the tune he was whistling,—'The King shall enjoy his own

again,'—checked his horse, and, having dismounted, came up to the rector, saying,

"I have a packet for your reverence."

"Ah, my good Will Denton, is it you?" said Mr. Tresham, recognizing at once his former parishioner's voice. "Whence have you come? How is my son? Where is the King? Tell me all."

"I came," said the other, "from our head-quarters, at Leicester. Colonel Tresham is well in health, and charged me with a letter for your reverence, and here it is."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed Agatha, as her father proceeded hastily to cut the string that held the packet. "But at Leicester, say you? we thought the King far on his way to the North."

"We did march as far, an please you, as Chester; but then came news that the Roundheads were collecting about Oxford, and His Majesty thought fit to turn back, and to fall on Leicester, which we took Saturday night last."

"Leicester taken! Dear father, hear you the good news?"

"I have just been reading it here. Herbert gives the story at length: let us get back, and I will read it you. And what are you going to do, Denton?—to stay with us any time, or to return to the army?"

"I must return, please your honour, as soon as may be; if my horse can manage it, a stage or two this evening."

"Well, take him into my stables; the merciful man, you know, is merciful to his beast. And go down to your mother; she must be longing to see you. We will have a packet ready for you against your return."

Denton, who was eager to be again among his own family, rode off; the others followed him to the parsonage; and the letter was read as follows:—

"HONOURED FATHER,

"The bearer hereof hath promised, if he possibly may, to put this into your own hands; he hath dispatches for Kettering, and hath leave to return by you. I did, in my last, tell you how we had taken Hawkesley House; and now, by GOD's blessing, there is much greater success to speak of. My Lord Byron did counsel His Majesty to surcease awhile marching northwards, and to fall upon Leicester: the which advice did please Prince Rupert very well. So Sir Marmaduke Langdale did, on Friday last, summon the town; and on Saturday was the whole army, horse and foot, drawn about it. Yet Sir Robert Pye returned no other answer than that he held it for the Parliament, and would defend it to the death. The which so traitorous speech did much enmove the Prince's anger. Thereupon he built a great battery with marvellous speed, and after dinner it played on the town by the space of four hours; and at five of the clock were we advertised that the assault was incontinently to begin, both at the breach and else-

where, but specially at the breach. It was my hap to be at the breach, which was indeed defended with notable resolution and courage, insomuch that we were repulsed from it twice; and the attack did continue all night. But early on the Sunday morning, Colonel Page, with certain horse, newly arrived from Newark, did by a back way enter into the town; and the governor and all the officers and soldiers threw down their arms, and surrendered themselves. A sad sight it was to see the pillage continue all that day, being Sunday; there were both churches and houses burned, and much excess of rioting. That which we might do to restrain the soldiers we did; but all thought not with me. I fear me, God will visit this upon us. Colonel Trelawney holdeth him heartily commended unto all, and specially to Agatha. Where next we shall march I know not as yet. God keep us all, and grant us a happy meeting. So prayeth your dutiful son,—Herbert Tresham.

"*Postscriptum*. Poor Maurice, the son of Widow Maurice, was shot by my side on the breach. I saw him buried to-day in S. Mary's churchyard, with all due ceremonies by the Church in that case ordained."

"We have much to be thankful for," said Mr. Tresham, as he refolded the letter, "on this account, and yet it is not without its causes of melancholy. Thank God, however, that they are both safe. My Agatha, there may be happy years in store for you yet, though I shall probably not see them."

"Yes, my dear father," she replied, "I trust there are happy years in store for both of us; not, dearest Rose, forgetting you. But what a melancholy Sunday must the last have been for them!"

"Melancholy indeed," said Rose; "the Day of peace, and the Houses of peace, profaned,—and that by those who are fighting for both. Oh! how could it have been allowed?"

"And think you, my child, that the unruly passions of men can be restrained as they can be excited, at will? Our gracious King—God long preserve him to us!—doubtless endeavoured to restrain the outrage; and Sir Marmaduke Langdale is, they say, as gentle as a dove, yet as bold as a lion. It is the lower class of officers, who, having risen from nothing by their animal courage and brutal strength, would sink into nothing again at the end of the war, who care not to what extremities they urge it."

At this moment the village bells struck up.

"Hark!" said Rose; "they know it in the village. But, dear father, will you not go and comfort poor widow Maurice?"

"We will all go," replied her father; "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. But, first, I will stop those bells, for they must sound painfully on that poor woman's ear."

The whole village was in a state of joyous excitement: groupes of two or three were collected at the doors of several of the cottages, who were discussing the probable consequences of the sack of Leicester.

Master Geoffrey, the village schoolmaster, seduced from the less inviting occupation of inspecting copy-books, or preparing cyphering lessons, by the interest of the occasion, was describing illustrative diagrams in the dust with his cane, and haranguing learnedly on the effects of the victory.

"And so, my masters, Leicester being here—that stone being Taunton,—and London lying here—the King—God bless him!—must effect an union with the brave Lord Goring. And so, when they have joined their forces, what is to hinder them from marching at once against the Rump? I say, my masters, what is to hinder them?"

"Taunton is a long way from Leicester," suggested one of the bystanders.

"A long way?" quoth Master Geoffrey. "Well; what an it be? I'll warrant you the King has marched a longer way before now. Why, the thing is as good as done. I say, all is up with the parliament: and I should like to see the man that would contradict me."

"Well," rejoined the other, "it's a good proverb, 'Fine evening makes fine day.'"

"Answer me this," said the schoolmaster; "When a man has lost his best hopes, is it not all up with him? And were not the rebels willing to give every thing else up, so they might save that place? And does not that prove what they thought their best chance? Well,—it is gone; and what, think you, will come next?"

"Excellently well argued, Master Geoffrey," said the rector, who had come up unperceived behind; "but surely a little less heat in your argument, my good friend, would not weaken its force. And what think *you*, Master Fletcher, of this business?" he continued, after sending to stop the bells, and nodding to, or interchanging a kind word with, such of his parishioners as were standing round.

Fletcher had served with Prince Rupert in the three preceding campaigns, and risen to the rank of a sergeant; but having, in the battle of Newbury, received a wound in his sword arm, he had petitioned for, and obtained his discharge; and retired soon after to his native village. He was its oracle in military matters; and being very intelligent, and an excellent loyalist and churchman, was a great favourite with Mr. Tresham and his daughters.

"Why, sir," he replied, "'tis as great a thing, in one way, as the King ever did; and it will put spirit into the army. But this plundering a town on Sunday, 'tis against the nature of things; no good ever came on't, nor ever will; and that's the plain truth."

"But you know," said Agatha, "that the officers did all in their power to prevent it."

"So they did, so they did; but it's no use arguing,—it's a bad job. Denton, down there, was telling how Colonel Tresham rode up and down all day, preventing outrages;—ay, Mistress Agatha, and Colonel Trelawney too; and it was well done of them, surely."

"Do you think this will make the King alter his plan of going north?" asked Mr. Tresham.

"Like enough it may, sir," answered the sergeant; "for Leicester—many's the time I've stood guard there, when *we* had it before—is a large place, and wants a good garrison; and the King has none too many men, I guess, to spare."

"Think you," said the clergyman, "they will try to recover it at once?"

"Hardly yet, sir; there is not force round about those parts, that I know of, to draw together to a head; and our side is too strong for them to think of such a thing just yet. They will be keeping a sharp eye upon it, however; that I'll be bound. Good evening, sir."

"Good evening, Fletcher; if you hear any news, be sure to come up to us with it."

The rector and his daughters next passed a group to whom Denton was describing the storm with much animation, and discoursing fluently of counterscarps, embankments, barbicans, bastions, and embrasures, to the great edification of his hearers; foremost among whom, in an ecstasy of pride and delight, was his mother. After a few words of congratulation, they proceeded to Widow Maurice's cottage.

It stood at some little distance from the village, and the way lay through one of those lanes, once the chief beauties of our country,—now fast disappearing before modern improvements. It was through a deep cut in sandstone; beeches and filberts and young

oaks anchored in the red fragments of rock, and threw a cool green shade over the lane below; and the birds on each side seemed chanting their vesper hymn.

The cottage of affliction lay on the other side. The widow was sitting in the chair where she had been knitting when the news reached her; her face was hid in her hands,—while her gossips were officiously tormenting her with the usual topics of consolation; miserable comforters indeed! The entrance of the clergyman made her look up; and well did he prove his title to be a servant of Him Who was sent to bind up the broken-hearted, by the tenderness and skill with which he spoke to her. He bade her not to sorrow, as those that have no hope; he reminded her of many little circumstances calculated to give her hope that her son had been called from the heat and tumult of battle into the land of everlasting peace; he laid before her God's promises of consolation and support in trial, and of especial tenderness to the widow; and finally, left her calm, if not cheerful.

It was now dusk; and his horse having been somewhat refreshed, Denton was eager to make the best use of the night for his journey. Charged with more than one letter, and bearing every kind message for both Herbert and Trelawney, he mounted his horse, and, favoured by a bright moon, started on his return; and the village resumed its usual quiet and repose.

CHAPTER II.

The spot, which angels deign'd to grace,
Is bless'd, though robbers haunt the place.

A WEEK rolled on, and brought with it no events of particular importance. It was now generally known that the King's northern expedition was abandoned, in consideration of the diminution which his forces had received, as well from the loss sustained in the storm of Leicester, as from the garrison placed there subsequently. After marching to Market Harborough, he finally took up his head-quarters at Daventry; there intending to await the further motions of the enemy. Fairfax was unfortunate everywhere; he had been unable to make any impression on Oxford; and had discouraged his troops by his unsuccessful attempt on Borstall House; after which, he retreated to Buckingham; whence, it was rumoured, he was preparing to march northward.

The evening of Wednesday, the 11th of June, 1645, was cold and stormy; the wind swept through the parsonage garden at Scaldwell, driving heaps of

leaves before it, as if it had been autumn, and howling mournfully round the old porch and high-pitched gables. Now and then, the moon would peep through the drifting clouds for a moment, as if to reveal more distinctly how great was the fury of the tempest. Mr. Tresham was in his study, deeply engaged in a perusal of Bishop Montague's posthumous work,—*Annals of the Christian Church*, which, though published two years, had only then, for the first time, found its way into Northamptonshire; his daughters were quietly pursuing some article of household work, and occasionally remarking on the violence of the storm, or drawing an imaginary picture of the position of the army in which their brother served, and where it might be his lot, on such a night, to be bivouacked. It was about nine o'clock, when old Bates, Mr. Tresham's servant, announced that Sergeant Fletcher desired to speak to his master.

"Tell him to step in, John," said the rector, closing the volume, and stopping short in an elaborate discussion on the principles and extraordinary success of the Donatists.

"He says, sir, that he had rather speak to your honour alone."

"Well, well; ask him to step in first, and let me hear him for myself."

The servant withdrew; and in a few moments re-entered, ushering in the sergeant, whose whole appearance proved him to have been for some hours exposed to the wind and rain.

"Why, sergeant, where have you been on such a night as this? you should have a better care of yourself. My cellar is not very rich; but a cup of canary were not, methinks, amiss, in keeping off the cold."

"Thank your reverence, kindly; but an old soldier like me cares but little for such a sprinkling as this: and I have that to say which must be said at once; and, if you so willed it, alone."

"I have no secrets from my daughters, Fletcher, if what you have to say concerns me; if otherwise, of course I am at your service."

"I thought the young ladies might be frightened to hear it, sir; but if you think not, I will out with it at once."

"They are a clergyman's daughters, sergeant, and ought not to be so easily terrified as others. So, now your story, whatever it is."

"Well then, sir, to make a long matter short, the enemy is not so far off as we thought."

"What mean you? Fairfax? Why, where is he, then?"

"To-night he lies at Northampton; and they say marches northward to-morrow."

There was a pause. "God's will be done!" said the rector, at length. "We are spared from the uncertainty as to the course to be pursued, which might be the portion of others. My duty is plain,—to abide by my village, and not to desert those few poor sheep in the wilderness. My daughters, too, must

stay with me; for, alas! I have no place of safety to which to send them."

"If you told me to leave you," returned Agatha, "it would be the first time in my life I ever wilfully disobeyed you; but I do not think you would have the heart to tell me so. Where can we be so safe as with you?"

"Well, my child, God has graciously ordered that we are not to be separated. Come, Rose; no tears! Sergeant Fletcher must not think that the family of one of Christ's soldiers is less ready to look trouble or danger in the face, than one of this world's. I should be ashamed, when our Church is suffering so grievously, to dwell at ease, and have no share in Her afflictions: I should begin to fear, lest, forasmuch as we were not counted worthy to be fellow sharers of Her lot, and of that of Her Master here, we should not be partakers of it hereafter."

"But I know how the rebels have treated clergymen in other villages," said poor Rose, sobbing; "and if you should fall into their power, what would become of you?"

"Well, Rose, and what then? 'If ye be reproached for the name of Christ,'—go on with the text."

"'Happy are ye,'" answered Rose. "I know it is wrong, very wrong. I will try to behave like Agatha. There, sergeant Fletcher; you may look at me now; (for the sergeant had considerately turned away his head.) But tell us, how did you find out the news?"

"I heard this afternoon, from a farmer who had been at Northampton, that Fairfax's scoutmaster was there; and the report went, that the Roundheads would be there to-night. So I borrowed Farmer Downton's grey colt, and away directly. I could not get into the town—the crop-eared knaves know a trick worth two of that—and not having the pass-word, I was like enough to have found gratis lodgings in Northampton gaol. But Fairfax is there, sure enough; and the magistrates presented him with the freedom of the town, or some such foolery, in a silver box: marry, the shell was better than the kernel. And Master Dell, beshrew him! was to preach,—to exercise, I should say,—in Peter's, as they call it, this evening."

"Well now, Fletcher," said Mr. Tresham, "you must often have been in situations like this, and I know we may depend on you. What can we do, by way of preparation, if the army should pass this village to-morrow?"

"Why, sir, God helps them that help themselves, as Prince Rupert used to say. For yourselves and the village you can do little enough: but for the church, you may, if you choose, do a great deal."

"How so?"

"If the Roundheads should come upon it as it is now, depend upon it, by this time to-morrow, there won't be an inch of stained glass left. I know how quick they are at any thing of the kind. And the great gilt screen will stand no chance, nor the pillars

either, I fear, unless something be done to them. However, they hate the glass most of all."

"But what in the world are we to do with it?" asked the rector.

"Take it out, sir, and bury it in some field hard by," replied the sergeant. "It will be there for years, and be none the worse at the end. And as to the pillars, if you whitewash them, and paint the screen, it may be they'll escape. But if not, I've seen enough of these things to know what will go with them."

"Whitewash that beautiful stone!" exclaimed Agatha; "why, one might as well break it up at once."

"Oh, no; a little scrubbing will soon set it to rights. I'll warrant you, sir, those pillars will be standing, when Fairfax, and that double-distilled knave, Cromwell, are hanged and forgotten."

"Your plan seems, I must confess, a sensible one," said Mr. Tresham. "But we have no time to lose, if we mean to do any thing to-night. Where are we to get whitewash?"

"Farmer Downton was just going to whitewash his new cottage, and there is plenty of lime and so forth lying about the premises. I'll go down and settle with him, if your honour will give me leave. He's true to the backbone; and with him, and me, and two or three more, we'll soon reform the church, almost as well as the Roundheads themselves could do it."

"Go, then, Fletcher, and see what you can get at once. You will find me in the church, whenever you come there."

As soon as the sergeant, proud to be of such importance, was gone, Mr. Tresham said, "John shall stay here with you while I am gone;—I dare say we shall not be very long. It is easy to destroy," he added, with a melancholy smile.

"Can I be of any use?" asked Agatha. "I would fain do all I could in so good a cause."

"No, my child," said Mr. Tresham; "this is not the night for you to face. All you can do to help the Church must be in the way of prayer."

After bidding his daughters good night, the rector, provided with a dark lantern, bent his way to the church. The storm was more furious than ever; the churchyard gate blew to with a noise which almost startled him; the wind moaned among the few headstones, and rustled in the long grass of the graves; and the vane on the tower creaked and screamed as it veered round to every quarter of the compass. The key turned with difficulty in the old massy lock; and Mr. Tresham, having closed the door, had full leisure to meditate on the present posture of affairs.

And no wonder if his thoughts took somewhat of a gloomy turn. Even in one of our churches, pewed and galleried as they now are, none but those who have tried it, can imagine the solemnity of an evening hour spent alone. And then, when only a few

carved oak seats filled the nave, and the light of the lantern shot dimly into the vast "valley" of the high-pitched roof, faintly discovering the angels, who seemed to guard the church with their outstretched wings, and the quaint carvings of hammer-beam and pendentive, and the sculptured wreaths of flowers which festooned the cornice; or, flashing on the rich dark windows, shadowed out the effigies of Bishops, and Saints, and warriors, and Virgin souls, each in its own delicate niche, all bearing the holy and heavenly repose wherewith our glass-stainers loved to invest their portraits; or fell on the carved Rood-screen, in all the glory of its painting and gilding; or, piercing into the Chancel, discovered the Altar, with its two candlesticks, emblems that CHRIST is "a light to lighten the Gentiles, as well as the glory of His people Israel:"—all these seemed indeed to bespeak the House of GOD and the gate of heaven. And with bitter feelings did the rector exclaim, "He that hewed timber aforetime out of the thick trees, was known to bring it to an excellent work: but now they break down all the carved work thereof with axes and hammers." And, advancing to the Altar, he knelt down before its newly-erected rails, and poured out his soul in prayer for the poor Church in England; that GOD would be pleased, if it were His holy will, to shorten the time of Her trial, or to endue Her with patience and fortitude to support it; that He would direct the counsels and prosper the arms of the King; that He would restrain his armies from

running to any excess of riot; that He would bless his friends, and soften the hearts of his enemies. He prayed, too, for his own flock, with respect to the affliction which seemed to be coming on them; that none might fall away in time of persecution: and for his own family,—and earnestly did he beseech God to turn the heart of him who was engaged, if not in fighting for, at least in counselling, the rebels. He rose from prayer strengthened and refreshed, and walked up and down the church meditating on the 42nd Psalm, which seemed peculiarly applicable to the time and place. If he could say, "Now, when I think on these things, I pour out my heart by myself; for I went with the multitude, I brought them forth into the House of God, with the voice of joy and praise, among such as keep holyday;" he could also add, "Why art thou so cast down, O my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me? O put thy trust in God, for I shall yet praise Him." Some time had passed, when he heard the latch of the church door raised, and was well pleased to see Fletcher, Farmer Downton, and one or two others, whom he knew to be staunch churchmen, enter. They brought with them two buckets of limewash, a ladder, hammers and chisels, and two pieces of tarpauling, which the good farmer had taken from his haystacks, to their imminent detriment.

"You come on a sad errand, Mr. Churchwarden," said the rector to Farmer Downton, as he shook hands with him.

"Ay, ay, sir! God grant we may have the setting the mischief to rights ere long, which we shall do to-night."

"And now," said the rector, "as we are going to commence what looks so much like sacrilege, let us ask God's pardon for the necessity which is laid on us of profaning His Holy Temple, and His blessing in our endeavours to preserve the church and ourselves."

They knelt down, and Mr. Tresham offered up a brief but earnest petition. When they had risen, "Now, sir," said Sergeant Fletcher, who assumed the direction of affairs, "we have no time to lose. Master Downton, lend a hand with the ladder to the east window; we will look to that first. And do you, Tom Brown, set your bucket against this pillar, and whitewash it as fast as you can."

The ladder was fixed, and Fletcher, mounting it, began to take the glass out, keeping it, as far as possible, in the leads. The churchwarden stood on one of the lowest steps of the ladder, and handed it down to his other labourer, Will Sharp, who stood below, and deposited it safely in a large basket, or hamper, brought for that purpose. There was a representation of the Crucifixion in the central lights, with S. Mary and the beloved Apostle; the side lights were filled with various Saints, and above and below were the founder's arms. All the glass was removed in about half an hour; for Fletcher, in spite of his lame arm, worked well and cleverly; and the larger piece of tarpauling was then spread over the window to

keep out the rain, which had by this time begun to abate. The side windows were next dealt with after the same fashion, very little of the glass being injured; and by the time all was safely secured, the light began to dawn. The piers had by this time been thoroughly covered with lime, and their beauty so much disfigured that it was reasonable to hope they might escape. The same material speedily effaced the painting and gilding of the Roodscreen, and then Fletcher, looking up at the roof, said, "That the Roundheads may as well take down as we; for I could not move it, even if I had time, without spoiling it: but the Font-cover I think we may bestow somewhere out of the way."

"Put it in the loft of my great barn," said Farmer Downton; "no one will ever think of looking for it there."

"A bright thought, Mr. Churchwarden; so we will. But now, sir, if you will please to come with us, it will be as well that all of you should see where the glass is buried, that so, if so be one or more of us should die before it may be safely recovered, some of us may remain to point out the place of its concealment."

The whole party, therefore, adjourned to one of Farmer Downton's fields, where Fletcher, after hesitating for some little time, made choice of a dry ditch that bounded it on one side. He directed the men to dig in a particular part; and when the whole was covered, and rubbish thrown in to conceal the exca-

vation, he said, "Now, while this willow tree stands, you will remember that our treasure lies close to it; if it should be destroyed, you can take notice that the spot is twenty paces from the south-east corner of the field. I think we can hardly lose it; but one had need to be careful; for I know one or two places where the churchwardens hid the glass by themselves, and are dead since, and there is no knowledge where it is."

The Rouennaises have a complimentary proverb, with reference to one of their parish churches,—*Elle est belle comme les vitrailles de S. Patrice;* and somewhat of the same feeling prevailed amongst the inhabitants of Scaldwell, with respect to their little church. The outcry, therefore, raised on the following morning, when it was discovered that the whole of the glass was removed, was proportionate. A little crowd soon assembled in the churchyard, some bewailing the robbery, some execrating the hands which were guilty of it; all joining in wonder at the manner in which the deed was performed. The tarpauling waved sluggishly to and fro in the breeze; and when one or two climbed up to the window-sill, and drew it aside, the change in the interior of the church raised the popular indignation still higher.

"And what news, my masters?" said Sergeant Fletcher, as he joined the village rustics. "Why in the world are those windows covered with tarpauling?"

Five or six voices explained the matter together.

"Ay, ay," quoth the sergeant; "some of the Roundheads' doings, I warrant me; it's not the first glass they have made away with; marry, an things alter not for the better, it will not be the last."

"But, master sergeant," said one of the group, "this is not the way those folks generally go to work. Look you here! the panes have not been smashed, but carried away bodily; and there is not a broken piece to be seen inside or outside."

"And I could be sworn," said another, "that the panes were not removed from the outside: the man must have been within that did it."

"Besides," suggested a third, "who could have got to the pillars, to daub them over?"

Several ran to examine the church door, and found it locked. The sergeant marvelled at his own folly in not leaving it open; but said,

"Why, what could be easier than when some of the glass was moved, for the thief to get inside, and then finish the business? And who would have worked last night in the open air, if he could anyhow get under shelter?"

This explanation seemed generally satisfactory; but one shrewd fellow observed,

"Then, if they did it to harm the church, why put up the tarpauling to keep the wet out?"

"Perhaps," suggested Master Fletcher, driven to

his wit's end, "that was to prevent their lights—for lights they must have had—being seen."

No better solution offering itself, this was generally adopted; and the rector and churchwarden at the same time making their appearance, helped to pacify the people, and sent off to Kettering—Northampton being in the hands of the enemy—for white glass: Farmer Downton consenting that his tarpauling should remain to protect the church till the windows should be reglazed.

The day wore tediously away with the rector's family, who were in constant dread of a visit of some of the parliamentary forces. Several of the churches in Northampton were *purified;* and one of them, All Saints, so much injured, that it could never be used again; and was, after the Restoration, replaced by the great Grecian building which bears its name, and is most incongruously ornamented with a statue of King Charles the Second (who gave the timber necessary for the works), on the pediment of the portico. But the troops were confined to the town and its immediate suburbs, and not a soldier was seen in or near the village. The younger portion of the villagers, who had never seen an army, and were curious to behold for themselves that of which they had heard so much, were somewhat disappointed at this: the elder blessed God for having thus far preserved them unharmed.

CHAPTER III.

My son, of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not speak too lightly . . . .
The way of ancient ordinance, though it wind,
Is yet no devious way.—WALLENSTEIN.

THE course of our story now transports us to London, and introduces us to a character of whom we have hitherto heard little, and that little, unfavourable. Basil Tresham, the second son of Mr. Tresham, had been intended by his father for the law; and had, therefore, been sent, some few years before the period of which we write, to study in London. He had naturally been of a free and gay disposition; and, therefore, the surprise and sorrow of his family were great, when, after an absence of two years, he returned among them an altered man, gloomy, morose, and unsociable; taking no part in those old-fashioned hearty sports where he and his brother had formerly excelled, and acting as a complete check to the social schemes of enjoyment of which the good rector was a great admirer and deviser.

His father, in answer to his inquiries, could obtain nothing but vague and unsatisfactory answers: his sisters' half-surmises, half-questionings, were not a whit more successful; and Herbert's raillery only made him the more gloomy. Once only did he at all hint at the real cause of his changed manner and disposition; and that once was to Rose.

"What, more mistletoe brought in?" said he, one winter afternoon. "Will there never be an end of these fooleries?"

"Of these fooleries?" repeated Rose, in surprise. "Why, Basil, no one once entered more into them than yourself. It is Twelfth-night, you know."

"It is a bad way of celebrating our SAVIOUR's Manifestation to the Gentiles,—keeping Twelfth-night, as you term it,—to pass the time in fooleries like these, meet only for the play-house, or like haunts of Satan, to the total forgetting why He was manifested in the flesh. It is a heathen custom, and very fit to be discouraged."

"But I do not see that we need forget why our LORD came on earth, because we celebrate a joyful time joyfully. The Church, you know, has always done so."

"The Church? The Romish Church, you mean: the mother of witchcrafts and all abominations: she that is drunk with the blood of saints and martyrs—she has, I know:—but what is she, that we should imitate her?"

"Well, well," said Rose, smiling, "I cannot argue with you; but there is, you know, a text, 'Rejoice

with them that do rejoice;' and that, I hope, you will remember to-night." And so the conversation ended.

On his return to London, Basil connected himself more and more closely with the party whom he had unfortunately been seduced to follow: he became acquainted with most of the popular puritan divines; and was closely ensnared by them before his father had any idea of his danger. But in one of his communications home, few and short in general, he mentioned in terms of great approbation, a sermon delivered by that godly and painful preacher, Master Henry Burton, who had just returned in triumph to London, from the imprisonment to which he had been sentenced by the Star-chamber, for libellous and seditious language. On receiving this notification, and hearing from other quarters of the rebellious spirit then generally pervading the London pulpits, Mr. Tresham lost no time in commanding his son's instant return: and after the delay of a week, received a long epistle setting forth, that after consulting with divers godly ministers, and true preachers of the word, they did all agree in testifying that as things then stood, for Basil to return to his father's house, would be a leaving of Canaan and going back again into Egypt, a becoming subject to ordinances, which all were to perish with the using: in short, an abiding in Meshech, and a dwelling among the tents of Kedar. The letter also set forth, that worthy Master Pym, being in need of a secretary, had offered him that post, and that he was forthwith to enter on its duties.

Mr. Tresham, on the receipt of this letter, entertained the idea of himself going to London, but was deterred by the danger which would have attended his appearance there, for he was somewhat of a marked man, and the consideration of what he owed to the other members of his family. He, therefore, despatched the following letter :—

"Son Basil,—Who or what kind of godly men they be that could give counsel to a son to disobey his father, as I know not, so I care not greatly to enquire. Yet have I heard of those who taught, 'If thou shalt say Corban, in whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me, and honour not his father and his mother, he shall be free :' also I have read that which was said of them, 'Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites.' My will therefore is, that, on the receipt hereof, you repair home instantly; which failing to do you shall incur my heavy displeasure. So I rest

"Your affectionate but sorrowful Father,

"Herbert Tresham."

This letter almost prevailed on Basil to return; but happening to show it to Master Anthony Case, a then popular preacher with the House of Commons, he was so pressed with texts on the duty of giving up all things for the kingdom of heaven, of hating father and mother for Christ's Sake, and the like, that he determined on persisting in his former

resolution; and not being able to frame a suitable reply to his father's injunctions, he left them unanswered. At the setting up of the royal standard, when all men had to take a decided position on the side of rebellion or loyalty, he despatched a brief epistle to his father, setting forth, that he had cast his lot in with the saints, and must expect their tribulations in this world, as he hoped to share their glory in the next; and exhorting his family to follow his example. Since then, all communications between them had of course ceased; and Basil had only heard of his mother's death through circuitous channels.

For a time, he was well satisfied with the step he had taken. The monstrous crimes laid to the charge of many of the clergy in the petitions which poured in by shoals to Mr. Pym, convinced him that a Church, the lives of whose sons were so scandalous, could not be the Church of God. He saw or fancied he saw, that the lives of those with whom he associated were pure and irreproachable; he knew that oaths and profanity, and loose talking, unhappily too prevalent among the cavaliers, were carefully avoided by them: his patron in particular was exemplarily devout, would never take his place in Parliament without having attended a morning exercise, and kept the appointed fasts with extraordinary rigour. He had yet to learn that these men were like whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outwardly, but within are full of dead men's bones and of all

uncleanness. If at times he thought their language too strong, and their measures too precipitate, he reassured himself by referring to that part of Scripture which their preachers were never weary of quoting, the Book of Judges; and in the fearful vengeance taken by God on the idolatrous nations of Canaan, he seemed to trace out a parallel to the cruelties exercised by Parliament on the true and unflinching sons of the Church. He would sometimes reproach himself for his tender-heartedness; and tremble when he recollected the punishment inflicted on Saul, for not utterly destroying the Amalekites, and on Ahab, for sparing the life of Benhadad.

The first thing which somewhat shook his confidence in his new directors, occurred about six months previously to the time of which we write. Mr. Lenthall (whose secretary Basil became, on the death of Pym) was going down to the House, which then met about noon, and putting in the hands of his secretary a petition from Northamptonshire, with a long list of names, and another, to which no names were attached, directed that the latter should be substituted for the former, and the parchment, so amended, sent down after him to the House.

Basil, feeling interested in any thing which came from his native county, read the first petition attentively. He found its purport to be for a godly and preaching ministry: it contained nothing offensive in itself, and its whole tone of expression was much more gentle than that usually adopted in petitions of

a similar character. In looking over the names, he saw the signatures of some whose hands, he was certain, would never have been affixed to such a document at all, more especially when addressed to a body professedly in rebellion against its sovereign; among others, those of his father and eldest brother. He then read the other document which he was directed to substitute for this, and found it to be a most virulent composition, breathing the bitterest hatred to prelacy, as one of the rags of Antichrist: demanding the disuse of the surplice, the celebration of the Lord's Supper sitting, the abolition of the Cross in Baptism, and the ring in marriage; the suspension of all dumb-dogs, as it termed unpreaching ministers; and the speedy death of Laud. Basil's first impression was one of horror at the deceit; his next, that some mistake must have been made; and he determined on sending neither petition, but awaiting the return of the Speaker. Lenthall, however, sent a messenger for the document, and Basil, fully convinced that he should have his patron's thanks for detecting the mistake, put the original parchment, unaltered, into his hands.

Lenthall returned late, and in no placid mood.

"Master Tresham," said he, angrily, "how came it the petition I gave you was not substituted for that which you sent?"

"Worthy sir, because I deemed there must be some mistake."

"Some mistake! there was indeed! Why, all

the names I had collected with so much labour were appended to a petition of straw! Some mistake! Why, when I pressed for the reading, nothing doubting that it would have preached the House a rare sermon, that befel me which happened unto godly Aaron,—there came out this calf. Some mistake! And where should the mistake be?"

"I thought, worthy sir, that it savoured of deceit to put the names of those who subscribed one petition under another, of which perchance they might not have approved."

"Ah, brother!" returned Lenthall, softening, for he was not naturally a hasty man, "I forgot that thou art but just free from prelatical darkness, and knowest not as yet the glorious liberty of the saints. Did not Rahab deceive the messengers, and was it not counted to her for a praise? Did not the godly midwives lie unto Pharaoh, and yet they were rewarded of God?"

"But," argued Basil, encouraged by his patron's mildness, "is it not written, Do not evil that good may come?"

"Yea," answered Lenthall; "but that, as it was well expounded by worthy Master Burton last sabbath, is to be understood with a limitation. For *evil* there signifieth not absolutely evil, but evil of an heinous kind; and *good* signifieth not good in itself, but good that is of little worth. So that Paul saith there, Do not great evil, for the sake of gaining little good. Moreover, they to whom he wrote, yea, he himself,

were in the oldness of the letter; and not to be accounted patterns, in that particular, for us who are free."

Basil had, in his younger years, been a great reader of plays; and a line from a drama he had formerly admired rushed into his mind: "The devil can quote Scripture for his purpose;" but he instantly rejected it, as a suggestion of the evil one himself.

This event, though for a time it somewhat shook Basil Tresham's confidence, that the cause of his friends was the cause of God, soon ceased to give him any uneasiness; for the habit of imagining that the end justifies the means became easy by practice. But frauds of a more heinous nature even than the last were frequently suspected, even if they could not be said to be proved, by Basil. Clergymen, whom he well knew to be of the most exemplary character, were accused by their parishioners as well of malignity and disaffection to the Parliament, as of scandalous life and manners: and these accusations were made the ground of summoning them before the House, or appointing a lay commission to sit upon them in their own parish. Were we to believe the various charges on which the suffering clergy of England were condemned, in many cases, unheard, we should have to confess that men of more dissolute and abandoned lives never disgraced any Church; whereas, in reality, for eminent holiness and purity, no set of clergy, since the days of the Primitive Church, had ever surpassed our own. Basil was

well acquainted with White, the chairman of the Committee of Ejectment, and the author of *The Century of Scandalous Ministers;* and could not but be shocked with the eagerness of that Puritan in snatching at any scandal, however ill-authenticated, and in omitting any palliating or justifying circumstance, however well attested. He was also pained beyond measure at the manner in which Prynne published Archbishop Laud's journal, professedly for the purpose of exciting popular indignation against him: the suppression or insertion of negatives, and the like, which are every where to be found in it. Still, he thought, a good cause has often been carried on by bad instruments; yet, it must be confessed, his zeal for the cause having been principally founded on the opinion he entertained of the personal piety of its promoters, with his belief of the latter his confidence in the former speedily declined. He contrasted the long, irreverent, garrulous, prayers of Case, or Knewstubb, or Spurstow, or Calamy, with the sober, earnest, devotion of the Liturgy to which he had been accustomed; their furious and bloodthirsty harangues, with the "peace to men of peace," which his father had been used to announce.

Such was the state of things when the trial of Laud commenced; and Basil, with the leave of his patron, was a patient hearer of it day by day. He listened with silent admiration to that wonderful defence, the most wonderful, perhaps, that ever fell from the lips of a prisoner, and imagined that his enemies could

never have the heart to proceed. However, though he perceived that such was their intention, when the Archbishop, being asked why the sentence should not be passed upon him, produced the King's pardon, sealed with the great seal of England, and strangers were ordered to withdraw, he imagined that the debate which ensued would only be on the proper method, under the circumstances, of allowing the pardon; and returned, well satisfied, to his office. Unspeakable, therefore, was his astonishment to hear that an ordinance had passed condemning the Archbishop *to be hanged;* and it required all his self-command not to express his opinion of the measure in terms which would have endangered himself without benefiting him whom he would have wished to serve. The punishment was afterwards, on the Archbishop's earnest petition, commuted to beheading, not without great opposition on the part of his persecutors.

The evening before the execution (Wednesday, Jan. 9, 1644-5), Tresham was directed by Mr. Lenthall to visit the Archbishop with an offer of spiritual consolation from two of the Presbyterian divines. It was a bitterly cold evening; and as Basil passed the desecrated Cross at Charing (not caring on such an evening to venture by water), and walked as quickly as he might along the deserted Strand, melancholy indeed were his recollections and anticipations. He thought of the happy group,—happy, if not absolutely, at least comparatively,—then assembled round his father's hearth; and contrasted his sad errand

with the peace that dwelt there. The snow fell thick and fast; and as he waited at Temple-bar for admission, his thoughts turned more than ever on the possibility of returning and claiming his father's forgiveness, even as the Prodigal Son, and again mingling with the friends of his childhood. As he passed Tower Hill, there was the sound of axes and busy hammers and voices; and looking up, he beheld the scaffold on which the morrow's tragedy was to be acted. He gladly hastened by it, and on presenting his credentials at the Tower-gate, was ushered by the lieutenant himself across the cheerless court and along the gloomy passages to the prisoner's chamber. The officer having announced a messenger from worshipful Master Lenthall, left the apartment.

The Archbishop was, as was his wont, walking up and down the room with quick decisive steps: on the table were pens and ink, and some written sheets, containing the speech which he intended to deliver on the morrow. He stopped short as Basil was announced, and seemed to enquire his message.

"I am come," said Tresham, after a pause, "to offer your Grace the services of Dr. Marshall, or Dr. Calamy, or any of the other orthodox divines now in London, to prepare you for to-morrow's trial."

Time was that such a message from such a quarter would grievously have discomposed the Archbishop; as it was, after repeating to himself his favourite text, "Usquequo, Domine, usquequo?" he answered,

"I am right willing to believe that the message was meant kindly, and, therefore, I thank Master Lenthall for it; but yet methinks he might have known that by offering me my own chaplain, Dr. Sterne, he should have done me greater service. As it is, if I may have his services, I shall be the more bounden to you; if not, I must even be content with my own; for small consolation could I find in the ghostly comfort of a schismatic."

"I will do your message to Master Lenthall, my Lord," said Basil; "and I hope your Grace will believe that it will not be my fault if it be not answered as it should be."

"You do an unkind office but too kindly, young man," said Laud. "What is your name? I would fain know it."

"Basil Tresham, if it please your Grace."

"Tresham! Tresham!" said the Archbishop, who never forgot a name. "Art thou any relation to the good old rector of Scaldwell, Master Herbert Tresham?"

Basil answered in a low voice, "I am his son."

"His son! and consorting with rebels and schismatics! A sorry day must this be for thy father, young man. And what saith he to this thy course of life?"

Basil made no reply.

The Archbishop looked at him,—and the tears were standing in his eyes. He paused, and said kindly, "It is never too late to return to God's

Church. Go back, go back to thy father's house, and say to him,—Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son;—so shall you be accepted both of your earthly and your Heavenly Father."

The lieutenant here entered with a servant, bearing supper. The Archbishop continued, "Master Tresham, if you have no more pressing business, perhaps you will share with me the last supper I shall ever need. Master Lieutenant, cause them to set on two more trenchers, and do you yourself join us."

Laud's conversation during supper was more than calm, it was cheerful. He talked with interest of the negociations then pending; and expressed his confident hope that all would be ordered for the best. When supper was over, and his guests rose to go, he said, "Master Lieutenant, see there be a cup of wine for me on Tower Hill to-morrow. Methinks it will be a cold morning; and I would not have my enemies say that I shivered through fear. And now, Master Tresham, good night. Think, I pray you, of what I have said; and, if it might be so, I would fain have you near me to-morrow. By God's grace, you shall see that a Prelate may meet death like a Christian, whatever William Prynne—God forgive him as I do!—hath written, or said, to the contrary."

"I will surely be there," answered Tresham; "and I pray God to support and strengthen your

Grace; and I humbly beseech your Grace's blessing."

The Archbishop gave it; and Basil, leaving the Tower, made the best of his way to Westminster, where he pleaded so well, that Dr. Sterne, the same who afterwards filled the Chair of York, was allowed free access to the Archbishop on the following morning.

Basil had some acquaintance with Hinde, the short-hand writer employed on the occasion. By his interest he obtained permission to be on the scaffold. Early as it was when he arrived there, Tower Hill was thronged; every window and housetop commanding a view of the spot was crowded to excess; and a band of soldiers was drawn up on each side the scaffold, but not immediately round it. The stillness observed by the populace was most striking; and a remarkable contrast to the yells and groans which had saluted Laud on his way to the Tower. If a laugh were any where heard, it was instantly hushed, as desecrating the solemnity of the scene; and men spoke to each other in a low voice, or in whispers, as if afraid to disturb the silence. A little before eleven o'clock, the executioner and his assistant appeared, with a basket of sawdust, which they sprinkled round the block; and shortly afterwards the Martyr, with Dr. Sterne, slowly and calmly ascended the scaffold. There were present, beside Basil, Hinde, the short-hand writer, the lieutenant of the Tower, Marshall, the Presbyterian, and Sir

John Clotworthy, a Devonshire knight. Laud recognized Basil with a smile, and coming over to the side where he was, began to address the people. "This," he said, "is an uncomfortable time to preach in, yet I will begin with a text of Scripture:—'Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto JESUS, the Author and Finisher of our faith.' I," he continued, "have been long in my race; and how I have looked unto JESUS, He best knows. I am now come to the end of my race, and here I find the cross, a death of shame; but the shame must be despised, or no coming to the right hand of GOD. JESUS despised the shame for me; and GOD forbid I should not despise the shame for Him. I am going apace," he proceeded, "towards the Red Sea, and my feet are on the very brink of it; an argument, I hope, that GOD is bringing me into the Land of Promise; for that was the way through which He led His people." Then, after glancing at the malice of his enemies, and alluding to the natural shrinking from a violent death, which he could not but feel, he proceeded more cheerfully, —"I know my GOD, Whom I serve, is as able to deliver me from this sea of blood, as He was the Three Children from the furnace. And, I most humbly thank my SAVIOUR for it, my resolution is as their's was: they would not worship the image which the king had set up, nor will I the imaginations which this people are setting up. Nor will I forsake the Temple and Truth of GOD, to follow the

bleating of Jeroboam's calves in Dan and in Bethel." He proceeded to notice the "great clamour raised, that he should have brought in popery;" and proved admirably that "the pope had never such an harvest since the Reformation, as he hath upon the sects and divisions that are now among us." After this, having mentioned the king, and the city of London, he went on:—"The third particular is, the poor Church of England. It hath flourished, and been a shelter to other neighbouring Churches when storms have driven upon them. But alas! now it is in a storm itself; and God only knows whether, or how, it shall get out. And, which is worse than a storm from without, it has become like an oak cleft to shivers with wedges made out of its own body, and at every wedge profaneness and irreligion are pouring in." He then spoke of himself,—his innocence of the crime for which he was to die, however grievous a sinner in other respects; and concluded, by asking the people to join with him in prayer. Every word of this beautiful sermon went to Basil's heart; and when it was finished, and Laud knelt in prayer, he followed him earnestly. Sir John Clotworthy, referring to the flush which, from the excitement of speaking, was on the Martyr's cheek, said, in an audible whisper, "Lo you there! the son of Belial hath painted his face!" "I pray you peace," returned Basil; "if you cannot comfort, do not insult." And a full refutation of this wretched calumny was given when the Archbishop's head was held up by

the executioner to the people; it was then as pale as ashes. As soon as he rose, Clotworthy tauntingly asked him, "What is the comfortablest saying a dying man can have?" and the Archbishop calmly replied, "Cupio dissolvi et esse cum CHRISTO—I have a desire to depart and to be with CHRIST." But as the other continued his interruption, he turned to the executioner; and observing through the crevices of the scaffold, which had been hastily and imperfectly put together, a crowd of people, he desired they might be removed, "lest," as he continued, "my innocent blood should fall upon their heads." This took some little time, and Laud, turning to the lieutenant, said, "I pray you let me have an end of this misery; I have borne it over long." With that, putting off his doublet, he knelt by the block, and said:—

"LORD, I am coming as fast as I can. I know I must pass through the shadow of death, before I can come to see Thee. But it is but *umbra mortis*, a mere *shadow* of death, a little darkness upon nature; but Thou, through Thy Merits and Passion, hast broke through the jaws of death. So, LORD, receive my soul, and have mercy upon me; and bless this land with peace and charity, that there may not be this effusion of Christian blood among them, for JESUS CHRIST His sake, if it be Thy will." At last, after a pause, he continued, "Lord JESUS, receive my spirit!" and Tresham turned away his head. There needed no second blow, for the executioner was well

skilled in his miserable trade, and was the same who, four years later, beheaded the King. It was noted of him, that he afterwards died raving, under circumstances of peculiar horror.

Understanding that the Archbishop was to be buried in All Hallows, Barking, a church of his own patronage and jurisdiction, and determining to follow him to the grave, Basil kept close to the coffin. On arriving, followed by an enormous crowd, near the south door of that church, a halt was made by the brave friends who bore the coffin; and though it was high treason to use any part of the Church service, Dr. Sterne advanced from the inside, in surplice, scarf, and hood, with the Prayer-book in his hands, and began those sublime words,—"*I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the* LORD; *he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die.*" The crowd instinctively removed their hats, and such as were nearest pressed into the church, where the service was solemnly concluded, and the Archbishop quietly committed to his temporary resting-place.

That Romanists should deny the claim of Archbishop Laud to the title of Martyr, is of course only what might be expected. That Dissenters should denounce his memory, is equally natural. But that professing members of the Church should join with them in condemning one who, during a life of seventy years, laboured for Her welfare, who sacrificed all he had for Her good, and who cheerfully and wil-

lingly laid down his life for Her, proves only the lamentable power which prejudice and a sectarian spirit have in darkening the understanding, and the want of charity which devotion to *a party* involves.

" We need not mourn for thee, here laid to rest,
Earth is thy bed, and not thy grave ; the skies
Are for thy soul the cradle and the nest ;
There live, for here thy glory never dies ;
For, like a Christian Knight and champion blest,
Thou didst both live and die : now feed thine eyes
With thy Redeemer's sight ; where crown'd with bliss
Thy faith, zeal, merit, well-deserving is."

FAIRFAX'S *Tasso*, iii. 68.

The whole scene made so deep an impression on the mind of Basil, that had he been able to obtain leave of absence, he would have left London instantly; but while waiting for a convenient time, he was seized with an illness which held him for many weeks on the brink of the grave. When he began to recover, his amendment was so slow, that it was the beginning of June before he was able to take his usual exercise; and in that time he had ample space to mourn over his unspeakable guilt and folly, in forsaking the guide of his youth, and to form serious resolutions of returning to the good old ways for the future.

One morning, at the time to which our story has already arrived, while he was meditating on the best and speediest way of making his escape from a city where he had so grievously erred, he was summoned

by Lenthall, who, after congratulating him on his recovery, proceeded, "Master Tresham, I doubt not that the country air will be a better physician than the leech. We have tidings that Fairfax is at Northampton, and seeketh occasion to fight against the malignants, even as Abner the son of Ner did, when he said unto Joab, 'Let the young men arise and play before us.' Now, the Commons think it not good to stake so much on a single throw; and you are to bear dispatches to the general with that import. Will you undertake the mission?"

Basil's joy was too great to allow of his speaking; but he bowed in token of acquiescence.

"Be ready then early to-morrow morning," said Lenthall; "your place shall be supplied meanwhile." And with these words he bade him farewell.

CHAPTER IV.

" When storms are seen, wise men put on their cloaks ;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?
All may be well with us ; but if it be,
'Tis more than I expect, or we deserve."

RICHARD III.

THE royal army had taken up its head-quarters at Daventry ; and there, from want of information with respect to the enemy's movements, four days were lost,—four precious days ; which, had they been properly employed, might have put a happy termination to the war. On Friday, the thirteenth of June, information was at length received that Sir Thomas Fairfax was at Northampton ; the army instantly fell back on Harborough, the intent of the King being to draw together fresh forces from Newark and other places. His present army consisting of less than eight thousand men, appeared to him too small a force to stake a kingdom's fate on. That evening,

however, intelligence was received that Fairfax had advanced to Naseby, a village not more than six miles from Harborough; and a council of war was summoned to debate the propriety of instant battle. This council was still sitting; the greatest eagerness prevailed in the army as to its decision; it was reported that voices had been loud and high in debate; and though two or three hours had elapsed since the tent was closed, nothing had as yet transpired.

"Trelawney," said Colonel Tresham, who was walking up and down with that officer near the royal tent, and awaiting the issue, "however this matter may end, I have a mind this evening to gallop over to Scaldwell; we cannot be twelve miles thence; and it may be months before I have the like opportunity."

"Have with you," replied Colonel Trelawney, "if you do: I am as anxious as you can be to see the place and its fair mistress once more. We shall have to look well to ourselves at the enemy's outposts, which must lie between us and it."

"Fortunately," said Herbert, "I have just learnt the pass-word from a deserter, who has come in to my regiment; so we are prepared for the worst."

"That is well," remarked the other. "How low the sun is getting! This council will never break up. I hope they will decide the right way."

"You mean for battle," said Tresham. "Well, I scarcely know; there is much to be said on both sides."

"Why, when *can* we fight better than now, when the army is flushed with its success at Leicester and Hawkesley House, and the Roundheads dispirited by their bad fortune at Oxford and Borstall, and not half-confident in their general, who is scarce gone far enough in villany to serve their turn?"

"You should also recollect," observed Herbert, "that were we to delay only for a week, our force would be doubled, and Fairfax's diminished by desertion."

"Against which," argued Trelawney, "it is to be remembered, that Sir Thomas would, in that case, probably fall back on London, and so escape us."

"He might, certainly," said his friend; "but, you must allow, he does not show any great token at present of wishing to avoid us. If we do fight, it will, after all, be his doing more than ours."

"He probably thinks it must be now or never; for, if he were to retreat again, his character would be ruined with his masters. Still, better retreat than be beaten; and so, methinks, Master Fairfax would judge, if we received any considerable reinforcement."

"We have heard little enough about him," remarked Herbert; "he may be superior to us, for aught we can tell to the contrary. And I further doubt whether a soul in the army knows the exact spot where, at this present moment, he may be."

"That we are like enough to discover for ourselves," answered the other, "and pretty soon too,

if this tedious council would but end. And, by my faith! it is over—they are leaving the king's tent. Now, how will it be?" he continued, as Prince Rupert came towards them.

"You will be glad to hear, gentlemen," said the Prince, "that we are to fight to-morrow. Marry, some cowards among us, beshrew them, would have let the knaves escape: but I warrant me we have them now: and call me coward too, if they play fast and loose any more."

Colonel Tresham, after expressing his pleasure, continued, "I was about to ask your Highness leave of absence for a few hours, to visit my family, who live not many miles hence."

"With all my heart," rejoined Rupert, who was in high good humour at having had things his own way; "with all my heart; only don't get taken prisoner; we cannot spare you to-morrow. And you, Colonel Trelawney?"

"I was about to make the same request to your Highness."

"What! your family do not reside near here also?"

"Not exactly so," please your Highness—but"—

"His future family, and my present one," interrupted Herbert, smiling.

"Oh, oh!" said the Prince, "that is the arrangement, is it? The king will lose a good officer, Trelawney, the day that sees you married. Well, take care of yourselves, gentlemen; and remember the word for to-night is *Victory*."

In half an hour the friends were urging on their horses at a rapid pace for Brixworth. Their conversation at first turned on the probable event of the morrow; but the loveliness of the evening, and the stillness of the scene, gave it a different turn: and they spoke of Agatha. Trelawney was indulging his fancy with a picture of the time when the troubles should be over, and the King restored, and he himself introducing his bride to the beauties of his Cornish domain; and his friend was sometimes smiling at the fair picture he sketched, sometimes sighing to think it might never be realized, when they entered a narrow lane winding to the south of the high ground of Naseby.

"I more than suspect," said Herbert, "that the enemy is not very far to our left; there are several circumstances which make me think so; and it would be a good safe position, to which Master Fairfax, I imagine, has as little objection as most men. But, if it be so, we shall probably fall in with some of their patroles ere long."

"On my honour, I believe you are right," said Trelawney, as they came to a sharp turning in the lane, and saw, at the distance of about twenty yards before them, a soldier, pacing to and fro.

"Who goes there?" said the man, presenting his piece.

"Friends," answered Colonel Tresham.

"The word, friends," said the other.

"THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON," replied Herbert.

"All's well. Good night!" replied the soldier.

"By my faith, Tresham," said his companion, "that was a narrow escape. We should have been hardly put to it, had you not been lucky enough to pick up that piece of information. You must be right in thinking them on that height; how call you it?"

"Naseby Down," said his friend. "Ah! many a time I have watched the sun setting behind it from my father's house, long before I thought of all the troubles that have since come upon us."

"The Prince will find it no easy matter to dislodge the Roundheads from their position, I fear: it is the first soldier-like choice Fairfax has made."

Occasional remarks of this kind served to while away the road till the two friends reached the village of Brixworth. On entering it, the first glance showed that it was in the hands of the rebels. One of the two hostels, which bore the name of the "GOD encompasseth us," since degenerated into the "Goat and Compasses," was filled with sturdy troopers; some of whom were drinking their black-jacks of ale at the long settle in the common room, and others reposing themselves on low benches placed for their use outside the bow-window, which being thrown open, was no obstacle to conversation with those within. The landlord seemed in high favour with those

zealots, and was discussing boldly and freely the chances of the Philistines being delivered into their hands on the morrow. The other hostel, called the George and Dragon, had fared much worse; the obnoxious sign had been taken down, and the landlord somewhat roughly treated, and confined in one of his own cellars, which had first, however, been completely emptied of sundry ale casks, and bottles of rare old wine; the consumption of which made the time pass pleasantly enough to the guests whom he was most unwillingly entertaining.

The two officers had taken the precaution of putting on the sad coloured Genevan cloak and falling ruff, generally adopted by the Puritans, and they therefore fearlessly rode up to water their horses at the first mentioned inn.

The sergeant who commanded the party immediately entered into conversation with them, and in answer to his inquiries was told that they had lately arrived from Worcestershire, and were on their way north, on private business. His party, he said in return, was quartered at Brixworth that evening; but were to join the main body early on the following morning. "If," he continued, "you would fain see a godly reformation, while your horses are a baiting, and would walk up to yonder steeple-house, which men call the church, you would see Corporal Pye hard at work there. The best hand is the corporal, in the kingdom, at purifying the house of Baal: even

like Jehoiada, who brake down his temple, and slew Mattan his priest on the altar."

"Gramercy for your advice," said Tresham, "I would fain look on the matter myself."

"I would go with you," continued the sergeant "but I dare not leave the house to-night. Right godly professors are our men, but a little over addicted to creature comforts. Here, Master Mumble-prayers," he added, addressing a poor man who stood near, and was evidently listening with disgust and consternation, (he had formerly been parish clerk) "show these worthy gentlemen up to the church, as you call it."

"Do so, my good fellow," said Trelawney, "and I will bestow something on you for your pains."

Brixworth church lies at some little distance west of the village. It is probably the most ancient now existing in the kingdom: one of the few links yet left between us and the Anglo-Saxon Church, which seem to prove, that whether in Her primitive simplicity, under S. Alphege, and S. Cuthbert, and S. Bede, in Her increase of outward splendor, yet decline of inward purity, in the age of the Plantagenets, in Her sufferings at the Reformation, in Her temporary downfall at the Rebellion, in the sin of the Revolution, or the deadness of the eighteenth, or the revival of the nineteenth century, the Church of England has ever been one and the same.

"Have you lived long in the parish?" asked

Tresham of his guide, by way of opening a conversation with him.

"Seventy-four years, man and boy, come next Midsummer, sir," he answered; "and forty of them have I been parish clerk."

"You must have seen some sad changes in that time," remarked Herbert.

"That I have, sir; and this last the worst of all. But mayhap your honours are on the side of the Parliament, and I may get into trouble for speaking my mind. Howsoever, you don't seem as if you would do a mischief to a poor old man."

"Make yourself quite comfortable about us, father," said Trelawney; "we detest the doings of these scoundrels as much as you can do. 'God and King Charles!' that's our motto."

"God bless your honours! I thought you looked to be honest men. Ah, well-a-day! it would have made your hearts bleed to see the goings on at the Parsonage this last week. And yet all the while the villains talked of doing God's work."

"Tell us all about it," said Herbert. "Who was your parson?"

"Parson Towgood, sir; and a better and kinder man there is not in the county, be the other who he may. And there was Madam Towgood,—God rest her soul!—just such another; but she is dead and gone, and taken away from the evil to come. Last Tuesday there came down a messenger from London, with orders to take our parson up there directly, to

be tried for his crimes; marry, what they were might have puzzled a wiser head than any that hated him had. Well, sir, it was late at night, and very stormy: Parson Towgood was ill, and in bed, and the doctor was with him. The messenger comes to the door, and brings orders to take him up before Parliament without a moment's delay. It would have moved the Great Turk's heart to see pretty Mistress Agnes: how she wrung her hands and begged them to leave her father only that one night; the doctor, too, said that to move him would be as much as his life was worth. 'Twas all the same to the Roundheads,—have him they would, and must. Mistress Agnes begged hard to be taken too; and after much ado, she had her own way; so the poor old gentleman was had off on horseback to Northampton,—and what has become of him since I know not."

"Well, my good friend," said Trelawney, "you may live to see him back yet,—and I hope you will. Hold, there's a carolus for you. 'Tis a sad thing to be out of employment at your time of life."

"God bless and reward your honour! I hope he may come back; but I never expect to live to see it. However, that's all one, so it really comes to pass."

The scene which presented itself to the eyes of the two friends, on entering the church, was one well calculated to prove into what depths of iniquity those who have emancipated themselves from the yoke of

the Church are ever ready to fall. In the Aisles of the church some twenty horses were tethered, a temporary partition having been run up from the piers to the wall, of rough deal boards, so as to form several separate stalls. The Nave was filled with troopers,—some laughing, some jesting, some swearing, some drinking, some quarrelling, some sitting round a fire made out of the beautiful fragments of the Roodscreen. At the entrance of the Chancel, several, and among them Corporal Pye, were amusing themselves by shooting at the effigy of our Crucified LORD, which hung in the great eastern window: they had already shivered every other fragment of stained glass, and reserved this for their last and profanest mockery. The organ, richly gilded and ornamented, had been broken up, and some of the soldiers were making discordant noises on its shattered pipes.

The two officers looked at each other without speaking. The poor clerk sat down on the rifled parish chest, and wept like a child. The last rays of the sun streamed in through the dismantled south-western windows, on the wreck of beautiful carving, shattered mullions, broken oak seats, and defaced capitals, showing here and there a fragment of some rich deep moulding, calculated to afford that wonderful play of light and shade, which only the artists of ancient times knew how to give; and lighting up the faces of the church-destroyers as they gloated over the ruin, made it seem, instead of the House

of God, a Pandemonium. In one corner, a soldier was breaking up a disrobed brass, which bore the effigies of a knight and his lady, great benefactors, each with the hands clasped in prayer,—he with the lion, the emblem of courage, she with the hound, symbolizing faithfulness, at the feet. Neither the gratitude due to these departed worthies, nor the sanctity of the place, nor the beauty of the workmanship, could preserve this memorial; for the legend began, "Of yowre charite praye ffor the sowles"—and ended, "on whoos sowles and all Crysten sowles Jhu have mercy." Another soldier, armed with a long pole, was striking off the bosses from the roof of the aisles: "they contained," he observed, "some awful papistry;"—on some were sculptured the letters, Ihc, on others, Xps; on others again, the Holy Lamb, or the Pelican "in her piety." These were all thrown into the fire as fast as they fell. On the outside of the church might be heard the sound of hammers busily engaged; the lead was being stripped off, under the direction of a pious plumber from Northampton.

"What would the founder of this church have felt," said Herbert at length, "could he have foreseen its ruin? Think of the generations that have little by little added to its beauty; the gladness which filled their hearts when they saw their gifts adding comeliness to the building: their joy in the thought that, 'not unto themselves, but unto us, they did minister these things;' the self-denial and faith

in which the building was reared,—and all to be destroyed in a single hour!"

"It is impossible," returned his friend, "that this state of things should continue. God must and will avenge His own cause: whether we shall be His instruments therein, I know not; but it will indeed be a blessed work."

"A blessed work, indeed, my masters!" said the corporal, who had now destroyed the Holy Effigy at which he was aiming, and came forward in time to catch the last words. "A blessed reformation of popish and prelatical mummery have we lived to see."

Tresham bowed; he dared not trust his voice; and he and Trelawney instantly left the church.

"Well," said the corporal, "that's what I can't understand. Tom Henderson, know you who those strangers are?"

"Not I, corporal; sons of Heth, I much fear me; for they did not seem to enter into our good work like true Protestants."

"I wish you would follow them, and note whither they are bound; it may much concern us."

"Wait half a second," said Henderson, "till I have settled with this fellow;" dealing at the same time a tremendous blow on the face of a priest, carved in alabaster, the canopy of which he had been previously mutilating.

The clerk took advantage of the delay, and leaving the church quickly, ran down the hill after the two

officers. "For the love of heaven, gentlemen," he said, "take care of yourselves. They suspect you up at the church, and will follow you! God bless you for your kindness to me! I dare not stay longer with you."

So saying, he crept through a hedge at the side of the lane, and disappeared. Tresham and his friend, after a brief consultation, came to the conclusion that, under such circumstances, to prosecute their intended journey would be most ill-advised; and, accordingly, having called for their reckoning, they rode off at a quick pace for Harborough, before Henderson had completed his work of devastation.

CHAPTER V.

"They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller, and all
The roundheaded rebels of Westminster Hall;
But tell these bold traitors of London's proud town
That the spears of the north have encircled the crown."

ROKEBY.

THE morning of the eventful fourteenth of June broke beautifully and calmly over our village, and seemed to promise a bright blue summer day. The rector, who had slept but little, walked out early in his garden,—a piece of ground laid out with no small care in the formal fashion of the age. He pondered on the strange contrast between the quiet of the spot where he stood, and the uproar which, as he well knew, must be going on at the distance of a few short miles. He wondered, too, whether his son would be engaged in the action which (there could be no doubt) would that day take place, and whether he would be restored safely again to his home. While engaged in such thoughts, he heard the tram-

pling of a horse at the garden-gate, and Sergeant Fletcher, alighting from it, wished him a good morning and a fortunate day.

"And whither bound, Sergeant Fletcher?" asked the clergyman. "You seem setting out on a journey."

"Down to Naseby, sir, down to Naseby; they will meet there. The rebels know their position too well to think of leaving it; and the Prince will never be satisfied without a stroke at them. If I can get any news there, you shall have it as soon as may be. The enemy, you see, lie between us and the king, or I would have been in the camp before now; howsoever, I may chance to pick up something, and I mean to be there betimes."

"Take care of yourself, Fletcher; remember how important your life is to us all."

"Ay, ay, sir; its not the first time I've been among the Roundheads. As the day gets on, sir, I would keep pretty much in-doors, for there are sure to be stragglers about, who may be after no good. Whatever happens, I hope to bring you some news before long."

"God grant you prove a happy messenger!" said the rector.

"Amen, sir," replied the sergeant. "I expect to drink the King's health to-night with a lighter heart than I have these many months past." And with these words he rode off.

In the mean time, all was bustle and activity in the

royal army. Tresham and Trelawney were both summoned early in the morning to a general meeting of officers, in Prince Rupert's tent, where the plan arranged was laid before them. The King, who had been against immediate battle, was there, and in extraordinary spirits,—a circumstance so unusual with him that several of the bystanders drew thence an unhappy omen for the day's success: the belief of the times being general, that such an unnatural and exuberant flow of spirits was a presage of impending death or misfortune; much as the Scotch at the present day call the man who exhibits them "fey," and consider the presage as most certain.

However, when the party issued forth, all other thoughts were lost in the beauty and excitement of the spectacle. The army was mustered on a rising ground, about a mile south of Harborough. There was not a cloud to speck the clear blue sky; and a light breeze from the south-west rendered the air cool and fresh. Here and there, where the ground broke away, and afforded a peep into the blue distance, a village spire might be seen; and the tower of Market Harborough was distinctly visible on the left. At the lower part of the rise, the army was drawn up in three divisions; the central body, commanded by Lord Ashley, consisted of about 1500 foot; the right was commanded by Prince Rupert, and contained 2000 horse; the left was made up of all the northern and Newark horse, which however did not amount to 1600, and was led by Sir Marma-

duke Langdale. At the very summit of the hill was posted the reserve: it consisted of the royal life-guards, Prince Rupert's regiment of foot, and the Earl of Lichfield's horse, in all about 1300. By an old blasted oak (long after called the King's Oak) stood a small groupe, consisting of the King and the principal officers, and at a short distance from them, the great standard of England floated idly in the summer breeze.

"And now, gentlemen," said the king, "to your posts. If the enemy does not advance to meet us, we must look for him. But, nephew, above all things, we charge you, no rashness. Colonel Tresham, we shall desire your company: it may be we may have that which will employ you. The rest know where to bestow themselves."

Colonel Tresham was accordingly left, nearly alone, with King Charles, who from time to time put some indifferent questions to him. At last, as it grew towards nine o'clock, he said,

"Think you it not somewhat strange, Colonel Tresham, that we have heard no tidings of the rebels?"

"So please your Majesty, the scout master might be sent forward to make his report; and we might then have sure advice by which to advance."

Order was accordingly given; and a long and inactive half-hour succeeded, during which the King seemed to grow more and more depressed. At last he said,

"I would fain hope better things, Tresham, for my

country's sake: for my own, I would not care if it were so: but I cannot shake off the presentiment that this is the last time I shall ever see so gallant a host under my banner."

"Your Majesty must not give way to such gloomy thoughts: God has blessed the good cause in a marvellous manner during the whole of this campaign; and I will not believe He is about to desert it now."

"And yet," replied the King, "is there not something almost prophetic in the gloom which often oppresses us without any assignable reason? Did you ever chance to hear that which befel me and Lord Falkland of a like kind?"

Herbert answered in the negative.

"We were in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and I was much in the mood which now holds me. Seeing a Virgil lie open on the table, I bethought me—God forgive me for so tampering with futurity!—of consulting the Virgilian lots; and wot you the passage on which I lighted?

——'Jacet ingens litore truncus
Avulsumque humeris caput, et sine nomine corpus.'"

"It was certainly a singular sentence," remarked Herbert; "but it were more fitting that your Majesty should look on it as one of those singular coincidences, which to attempt to explain were useless, and which perhaps are permitted to try our faith."

"So said the Lord Falkland then; and to comfort me he tried his own fortune."

"And how," said Herbert, "did it fall out?"

"He opened," replied the King, "on the words—

'Heu miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris!'

How that prediction was fulfilled in him, you have seen; how the other may be fulfilled in me, God only knows."

"Does not your Majesty," asked Tresham, "think that there may be something like a tempting God in so prying into what He would have hidden?"

"Laud thought not so," answered Charles; "and I have ever been a noter of such things. It was taken of many as strange, that he should have attained his mastership of S. John's, on the day of the Decollation of S. John Baptist; and it was thought to be a foreshadowing of that fate which afterwards befel him. It was noted too, that at our proclamation the herald, instead of 'the rightful and indubitable,' did term us 'the rightful and *dubitable* heir.' And again, at our coronation, the Bishop of Carlisle did take for his text, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of life;' which was fitter for a funeral sermon. And what befel our standard when it was set up at Nottingham all England hath heard."

"I have heard my father say," replied Tresham, "that however we may sometimes, after the event hath come to pass, trace out the foreshadowings thus, dangerous it is to dwell on them aforehand. For perchance our belief in them may help to fulfil

them. Besides," he added, smiling, "I, too, have an omen, and that a happier one, for your Majesty. The prince's chaplain did, as was his wont, read Prayers this morning to the regiment; and the psalm for the day was that which beginneth, 'Give the King thy judgments, O God! and thy righteousness unto the King's Son.' "

"It was so," said Charles; "I did myself note it. But, one way or the other, to-day must decide our hopes; and it is a solemn thing to await the coming on of such a crisis, and to know what mighty events may depend upon it."

"God grant," said Herbert, "that it may so end, as that all things may return to the good old course."

"No, Tresham," answered the King; "were I to obtain the greatest victory ever won by prince, things would nevertheless not return to the good old course. The old and kindly feelings, the heartiness and affectionateness and reverence of my people are gone, for this generation at least; we shall never see England what it has been, whatever our sons may do. It is as when a child hath been thrown into wicked training: he may perchance escape from real harm, but he shall not be the same innocent child that he was. You may handle a flower without hurting it, but its bloom and its freshness will go. And so they have heard their Church defiled with evil reports, Her holiest things profaned, the names of Her Bishops

cast out as evil: how shall they look on these things as they did aforetime?"

At this moment the scout-master returned with the information that he had been four or five miles forward and could hear or see nothing of the enemy, and that Prince Rupert had thereupon drawn out a party of horse and musketeers, and advanced.

"Will your Majesty give the word to advance," asked Herbert, "and support the Prince?"

"Not so," said the King; "we will not willingly be drawn from our vantage ground. Our orders were strict to the Prince, and he will surely venture no nearer than he may come off with honour."

About twenty minutes more elapsed: the report became general in the army that the enemy had retired; and the soldiers fretted at that which would, could they have foreseen all, proved their greatest happiness. At the end of that time, however, a messenger gallopped up from Prince Rupert, with the news that the enemy were advancing, and a request that the army should march up to him, and that, above all, they should make haste.

"Now then, Tresham, give the word," said the King. It was done; and then it was Lord Ashley uttered that noble prayer, which, as a practical example of acting on the apostolic injunction, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit," is, and probably ever will be, unsurpassed;—"O Lord, Thou knowest

how busy I must be to-day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me!—March on, boys!"

It was a gay and a gallant sight, that last hour that Charles acted as King of England. The men were in excellent spirits: the ground slightly undulating displayed their force to the greatest advantage, and as Tresham rode by the side of the King, the latter twice or thrice expressed his confidence in his troops, and seemed to gain fresh courage as he approached the scene of action. After marching about a mile and a half, the enemy was distinctly seen drawn up on Naseby heights: having both the advantage of the ground and time, from the view their situation gave them of the royal army, to dispose themselves as they thought fittest to receive its attack. When the main body was yet nearly half a mile behind him, Rupert, who could never bear the sight of an enemy, advanced up the hill. The king saw his motion, and said, in great agitation, "Tresham, that hare-brained youth has ruined us by his impatience. Was ever such madness!"

"There is now no help for it," said Tresham, "but to support him as quickly as possible."

The word was accordingly given to advance in double quick time; and this speed was soon accelerated to complete running.

It was about ten minutes past ten o'clock when the three divisions of the royal army came upon the hill. The numbers were nearly equal on both sides: the rebels being rather inferior; they had, however,

slightly the advantage of the sun; in all other respects their chance was the better. They, too, were drawn up in three divisions: the centre commanded by Fairfax, the right wing by Cromwell, the left by Ireton; they were cool, admirably posted, and collected. The royalists advanced out of breath, heated, up a steep hill, without choice of ground, before their cannon could be placed, and having nothing to rely upon but their courage. Their word was, "God and the King!" The rebels chose, "God is with us!" Thus the stake was thrown which was to decide the fate of England.

Sergeant Fletcher had taken up his position on a little hillock, close by the Pitsford-lane, which commands a perfect view of the whole field. Here he tethered his horse, and resolved to await the issue. His heart, as he was wont afterwards to describe it, came into his mouth, when he saw the irregular and hurried advance of the royalists, and the cool and steady bearing of their opponents; yet his hopes revived as he noticed the gallant manner in which Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice charged up the hill. Every thing went down before them; and he saw six pieces of cannon in their hands almost without a struggle. Then his interest was wound up to the highest pitch for Lord Ashley, who was also advancing, though with great difficulty, up a steeper part. The enemies' cannon was so badly pointed, that it completely overshot them, and so did the musqueteers; when within carabine shot, they fired

one volley, and then fell in with their swords and the butt-ends of their muskets; and after a struggle of about a quarter of an hour were in possession of the brow. Fletcher now thought the victory safe; and mounting his horse, rode back at full speed to report the good tidings.

It had been a morning of intense excitement at Scaldwell: the inhabitants, quite unable to pursue their ordinary employments, collected in the village street, to express their hopes and fears, to tell old stories of former battles, or debate the chances of this. Several of the men strolled out westward; some mounted the church-tower, where, however, all that met their view was a long dark stationary line on the summit of Naseby-heights. This every one knew must be the parliamentary army; but why the other had not advanced was a difficulty which no one could solve,—as its eagerness for fighting was well known, and the result of the council had been heard by all. Mr. Tresham was inclined to think that a second determination must have been taken; and was almost disposed to hope that such might be the case. By degrees, the interest was too much wound up to allow of words, and the observations interchanged became briefer and briefer. Mr. Tresham, with Agatha and Rose, went several times into the village during the early part of the morning, without being able to discover any thing. At length, as for the fourth time they entered the churchyard, about half-past ten, one of those on the tower asserted his

belief that the troops were moving; and a moment afterwards the dull distant sound of a heavy cannonade was heard.

"It is begun! they are at it!" cried two or three voices at once; and then a short pause of listening ensued, followed by a faint and irregular discharge of musketry.

"My friends," said Mr. Tresham, "we neither advantage ourselves nor the King by this excitement; there is a way by which we may help both. You, who are willing to try it, follow me into the church."

As soon as it was known that prayers were about to be offered up for the good success of the King, the whole village flocked together; and never had that holy Temple been so filled in the time of the Church's glory, as it was now at the hour of Her deepest abasement. Mr. Tresham, kneeling down, as was then the reverent usage, in the midst of the Chancel, began the Litany; and truly and heartily did the congregation join in every response. And when he came to the petition, "That it may please Thee to be his defender and keeper, giving him the victory over all his enemies," Mr. Tresham felt that though the weapons of his warfare were not carnal, they might, nevertheless,—in the unseen might of prayer,—be more effectual for the Royal Cause than the arm of flesh, in which it was too much given to trust. And comforting indeed did he find the Collect: "Save and deliver us, we hum-

bly beseech Thee, from the hands of our enemies; abate their pride, assuage their malice, and confound their devices; that we, being armed with Thy defence, may be preserved evermore from all perils, to glorify Thee, Who art the only Giver of all victory." And as he pronounced the final blessing, he felt that even in the midst of outward war, the Peace of God might be, and was present with them.

When the congregation again repaired to the churchyard, the cloudiness of the western sky, and the sulphureous smell which every breeze brought with it, proved how hot had been the conflict. Every thing on the hill was entirely hidden by the smoke; with the exception of the roar of a single cannon at intervals, not a sound was to be heard; and not a sign was there of the fate of the day. At length, after an hour of miserable suspense, the quick galloping of a horse was heard on the Brixworth-road, and in a moment Sergeant Fletcher rode up, waving his hat, and showing every sign of joy. In a few words, he told them of the complete defeat of the rebels; and explained all he had seen. "I marvel," he added, "that none of them passed through the village; for Prince Rupert gave them a hot chase this way."

All was joy and exultation; the churchwardens and the rector shook hands; some were for a merry peal of bells; but this was opposed by the more prudent part, on the ground that there might be straggling bands about, whom it would be safer not to exaspe-

rate. Fletcher, having disburdened himself of his news, rode off again; and in the course of half an hour, two or three wounded royalists were brought into the village, who confirmed the tidings of this great victory.

Sergeant Fletcher rode on towards Naseby; and could not help feeling somewhat astonished at finding the hill, which he left in possession of the royalists, entirely deserted; he could not comprehend what had become of the main body, nor why the royal standard was not any where to be seen. As he rode over the field, its southern part was strewn thickly with the dead and the dying of the rebel side; but on the north, the scene was changed,—hundreds of cavaliers lay dead on the ascent of the hill; and what most of all surprised him was, that the loss among Cromwell's barbed horse had been so very small; the known courage of the Ironsides rendering him certain that they would have made the most desperate resistance before yielding the post. Still it was not till he heard the sound of firing further to the west, that a glimpse of the real truth flashed upon him. 'It is impossible,' was his first thought; but his second reminded him that the victory had been considered certain at Marston Moor; and his third suggested that he had been too hasty in not waiting the result of Sir Marmaduke Langdale's attack.

His fears soon received a sad confirmation from some of the wounded royalists: from these he learnt that Cromwell's seven bodies of foot had

proved an overmatch for Sir Marmaduke Langdale's five; that Prince Rupert, with his characteristic impetuosity, had suffered himself to be hurried so far from the scene of action, in pursuit of the enemy's left wing, as to be unable to give any assistance; and the report went, that the treachery and cowardice of the Earl of Cairnwath had prevented the king from advancing with the reserve. The full loss sustained in that most fatal battle he did not know till afterwards; but the information he received was more than sufficient to cause him to ride sadly and slowly homeward.

News of the truth had however reached Scaldwell before his arrival. Agatha was sitting alone, her father and sister being in the village, when Colonel Tresham burst in, and in a few brief words gave her to understand the whole extent of the misfortune. "It is, humanly speaking," he said, "impossible that the Royal Cause can ever hold up its head again. We may, and please God we will, give the rebels some further trouble yet; but Cromwell and Fairfax are as sure of their aims, as if they were now issuing their orders from Whitehall."

"And what, my dearest Herbert, do you intend to do? Not, I hope, to linger here, where they will be sure to hunt for you?"

"His Majesty's business requires that I should remain some time in these parts," her brother replied, "in order to see if any of the stragglers can be got together again. I shall get such quarters as

I may at Kettering. Trelawney will be with me: and if you should wish to communicate with me, you may leave any message with Mistress Ditford, at the sign of the Bible (it used to be the Bible and Crown), in the market-place. You may fully trust her: she is the widow of one of our army chaplains, and is much in the confidence of several that are high in authority. And perhaps it will be better not to mention to my father that you have seen me, or know any thing of my movements; he will have enough, I fear, to answer for, without being burdened with an unnecessary secret."

"I will do as you wish me," said Agatha. "Now go, and God bless you. You shall assuredly hear tidings of us—God send they be good ones!"

In a few minutes Herbert was spurring his weary horse towards Kettering, and Agatha walked out to meet her father. What a sad meeting it was, it is easy to conceive. They who had parted but an hour before with the highest and brightest hopes, now met with the knowledge that they must never be again entertained. Then it was that the faith of Mr. Tresham shone forth beautifully. It had not been his wont to dwell on frames and feelings, as well knowing how little trust can be placed in them. He had always discouraged the habit of speaking of that on which the Puritans loved so much to dwell—personal experience: but now he showed that in an habitual, calm, earnest trust that all would finally be ordered best for the Church, and for himself, as a part of it, he

yielded to none. Still it was a melancholy evening; and, as the light faded away, and the summer twilight crept over the garden, sad was the contrast between this and the Saturday evenings of by-gone years. Agatha, indeed, had one comfort beyond the rest. She knew of the safety of Herbert; but she also knew him to be in a post of danger, and sighed, when she recollected the treachery of many who had been considered firm royalists. Late in the evening came news that the King was safe, and retreating towards Lichfield, but that all his papers and jewels were in the possession of the enemy; and that two hundred women, wives of royalist officers and soldiers, had been butchered in cold blood after the battle, by the rebels.

Short and broken was the sleep of the rector and his family that night; they knew not at what moment to expect a visit from some parliamentary regiment, and how soon a committee of inquiry might sit on Mr. Tresham. But the night passed over, and the Sunday morning broke as beautifully as ever on the village.

CHAPTER VI.

"This was he whom we had some time in derision, and a proverb of reproach; how is he numbered with the children of God, and his lot is among the Saints!"—*Wisdom* v. 35.

It is no new remark, that never are the prayers of our Church so beautiful, and never is Her influence felt to be so soothing, as when we are in deep and hopeless affliction. Probably not one of those who went up to join in that service on the morning succeeding the battle, but found a quieting and supporting influence, which he had never known before. The sermon was short, but to the point; the text was that verse, "O tarry thou the Lord's leisure, be strong, and He shall comfort thy heart, and put thou thy trust in the Lord." The Holy Communion was over, and the congregation were dispersing, when three officers rode up to the church, and inquired for Master Tresham. The clergyman came out to meet them, and was immediately required to appear before the committee, named in a paper put into his hands, at two o'clock that afternoon, to answer such charges as should then and there be

brought forward against him. "And you, who have a mind to be fed with the sincere milk of the Gospel, not with the prelatical trumperies of Antichrist," said one of them, who appeared a minister, addressing the people, who were watching the result of the summons, "gather together in this place this evening, for I am disposed myself to break the bread of life to you."

"May I ask your name, sir?" said Mr. Tresham, to him who seemed the leader of the party.

"My name is Richard White," said the other, "a poor labourer in the blessed work of reformation, and chairman of the committee for the ejection of scandalous ministers."

"I trust, then, Master White, if you be indeed he, that I shall have fair play. Of the six men whose names I see marked down as my jury, three I know nought of; and the other three are notorious and old breakers of the laws, both of God and man. Two, to my certain knowledge, have been, ere this, in Northampton gaol; and, as to Master Nynd, of better rank though he be than the rest, his character is well known here, and I think his testimony would weigh little with any honest man. Besides, none of these men have ever been church-goers, so that it is impossible for them to judge of my doctrine."

"What then?" said White. "Grant they have been sinners—so was Paul—so was David—so was

Mary Magdalene. The greatest sinner makes the greatest saint."

"Touching Mary Magdalene," said the minister, "Master Calvin holdeth somewhat differently from your honour. For in his commentary on that passage he saith ——"

"Well, Master Adkyns, it mattereth little what he saith: I mean, I will hear it some other opportunity; and now, Master Tresham, if you would fare well at our hands, you will give as little trouble to us as possible, and rather throw yourself on our mercy, than obstinately persist in and defend those your popish errors; and so farewell."

"I will go with you, sir," said Farmer Downton; "if my testimony is worth any thing, it shall not be wanting."

"Not so, my good friend," answered the rector; "that could not benefit me, and might much endanger you."

"Do you think, sir, that we shall let you go before these men alone? They cannot hurt me, I think: and I care not if they can. And if the young ladies, meanwhile, will come down to my farm—a poor house it is, but an honest one—and that is more than Lawyer Nynd could say; all I and my wife have shall be at their service; and they may be guests till this matter is settled."

"Well, my good friend, we will take your offer, as kindly as it is meant. Come, Agatha; come, Rose;

we will walk down together to Farmer Downton's; and there I will leave you."

"But, my dearest father," said Rose, "do tell us what is the worst we may expect."

"That I shall be deprived," said Mr. Tresham. "Further, I think, they dare not venture, and less we must not expect. And that is no strange trial, now-a-days," he added; "so that, literally and truly, we may remember S. Peter's words, and bless God it is no worse."

Having left his daughters in safety at the old farm-house, the beau-ideal of an English yeoman's abode, the clergyman and churchwarden then bent their way to the appointed place.

Nynd, a man of very low degree, had been a pettifogging attorney at Kettering; but having lost his character by repeated acts of dishonesty, by which, however, he had acquired a small fortune, he built himself a house in Scaldwell, and had endeavoured to ingratiate himself with Mr. Tresham, for the purpose of securing the fortune, which was not inconsiderable, of Agatha. Having, however, met with a decided refusal from her, in revenge he turned Puritan, and was a man of considerable importance to that party in Northamptonshire. His very looks showed his character: hypocrisy was stamped in his face; and his own party acknowledged that he was a most dangerous man to offend. It was he who had been the principal instrument of obtaining a commission to inquire into

Mr. Tresham's proceedings, and he had drawn up the articles.

In this man's parlour was the committee assembled. White was sitting at the end of a long table, Nynd on his right hand, and the other men were in order on each side. A chair was left for the clergyman at the bottom; several of the parishioners were standing in various parts of the room, and many more clustering round the door. As Mr. Tresham entered, he was comforted by hearing the heart-felt prayers of some of these poor people: "God bless you, sir! God preserve you!" On taking his seat, he requested to know the reason why, especially on that holy day, he had been summoned; and under what authority his summoners acted.

"Read the commission, Master Nynd," said White. Nynd obeyed, as follows:—

"Die Veneris, 6to Jun. 1645. Whereas Herbert Tresham, Clerk, Rector of the parish church of Scaldwell, in the county of Northamptonshire, hath in his sermons, and otherwise, expressed great malignity and opposition against the parliament, and the power and proceedings thereof: affirming that the parliament would force the King to comply with those laws that they made; and that they raise a force against the King; and that they are not to be obeyed; and advised not to send them money, plate, or horses; and hath also been guilty of divers popish and superstitious practices, hereinunder written:

which the Lords and Commons taking into consideration, for the better supply of an able and godly man in the said church, and for the promotion of the maintenance of those that shall officiate therein, do constitute and ordain that Richard White, Richard Nynd, Emmanuel Stark, Peter Chaubley, John Rushby, Edward Hyatt, shall have, or any three of them shall have, power and authority, and are hereby required to examine into and touching these things; and in case they shall so appear, to sequester the parsonage-house, and all the tithes, rents, and profits whatsoever, of the said church, and to appoint collectors for the gathering and receiving of them, as they in their discretion shall think fit; and shall have power to pay the same unto Robert Adkyns, a godly and orthodox divine, who shall be appointed and requested to preach every Lord's day, and to officiate as parson, and to take care for the discharge of the cure of the said place, in all the duties thereof, until further orders shall be taken by both houses of parliament."

The articles against him were as follows:

"1. Imprimis: That he useth the Common Prayer.

"2. That he boweth at the name of Jesus.

"3. That he preacheth for the standing up at the Gloria Patri.

"4. That he useth the sign of the Cross in Baptism, and the ring in marriage.

"5. That he prayeth for the deliverance of the saints out of purgatory."

"You have heard, Master Tresham," said White, "both of what you are accused, and by whom you are judged, and by what authority they act. Now, forasmuch as we are willing to use all gentleness towards you, we are willing to hear your defence, if you have any, at length. And we would have you further to know, and you, good people, will take note, that though we thus use the sabbath on this occasion, being thereto compelled by necessity, yet we deem it no precedent for others, who should rather, by frequenting of godly preachers, seek to edify their souls, than to follow their ordinary business and vocation. And now, Master Tresham, we would fain hear what reply you make to the first charge against you, namely, that you have used the Prayer-book ever since it was by act of parliament abolished."

"In the first place," said the clergyman, "I utterly protest against and repudiate your authority, as proceeding from a body who hath no right to give it. Nevertheless, sith something you have there said having truth, albeit intermingled with great errors, I am willing to say that which I can to clear myself in the sight of all honest men. Wherefore, I demand, why I should not use the Prayer-book?"

"Because parliament hath appointed in its stead a directory of prayers, and that with good and just reasons."

"Which be they?" asked the other.

"The old form," answered White, "is full of

popish errors, and doth appoint horrid blasphemies and lying fables to be read to the people, instead of God's word; and hath caused the Church of England to groan under the abominations of the Church of Rome from its infancy upwards."

"I have been forty years a Priest," said Mr. Tresham, "and yet I never heard blasphemies or fables."

"What!" said Nynd, "say you so? On the fourth of October, in the forenoon, it appointeth a horrible blasphemy to be read for the first lesson, out of the 12th of Tobit, and the ninth verse: where it is written, 'That alms do save from death, and purge away all sin;' which is a main ground of popery."

"Right well said," observed Adkyns, the minister, who was expecting the presentation to Scaldwell; "it is indeed an horrible blasphemy: and he that hath uttered such can hardly, methinks, be accounted worthy to be a labourer in God's vineyard, even as it is written, 'Let his habitation be void, and his bishopric let another man take.'"

"Then again," said White, "fearful is it to hear how the interrupting of the minister by the clerk and the whole congregation breedeth uproar and confusion, such as doth much offend God; so that many cannot come to church till the service be all read."

"But, Master White," said the rector.

"Hold thy tongue, friend," answered White; "I promise thee, it will be the worse for thee else. I

do not sit hear to learn, but to examine. And, as I was saying, the people ought to be silent till the minister hath done, and then to say, Amen: and not to break in by responds."

"Master White saith well," remarked Chaubley, a man who had been twice in Northampton gaol on charges of peculation; "when the minister prayeth for the King (he were better, methinks, to pray for the parliament), saying, 'O Lord, save the King,' they interrupt him by mingling their prayers with his, and saying, 'And mercifully hear us when we call upon Thee.' He being thus put out, doth straightway pray for all ministers, and they interrupt him again to pray for the people."

"Also," said Rushby, "when they read the 50th Psalm, they are like unto women scolding and rating at one another. The clerk and people do begin to accuse the minister, saying, 'When thou sawest a thief, thou consentest unto him, and hast been partaker with the adulterers:' then the priest accuseth the clerk, 'Thou hast let thy mouth speak wickedness, and with thy tongue thou hast set forth deceit:' then they set upon the minister again, and cry out with one voice, 'Thou satest and spakest against thy brother, and hast slandered thine own mother's son.'"

"Master Rushby," said Adkyns, "it is not well done to speak of priests, a name which belongeth unto all Christian men and women, as well as unto ministers; as it is written, 'He hath made us kings and priests.'"

"A most gross misquotation," said Mr. Tresham: "S. John there speaketh ——"

"Wilt thou never cease thy babbling, friend?" said White; "I tell thee, thy Church, as thou callest it, is a suburb of Babylon, and thou shouldest be thankful to hear these godly professors warn thee to come out of it. Yet worse things be there than such: as in the churching of women, where the clerk saith to the minister, 'Which putteth her trust in Thee;' then the minister will not have her put her trust in him, but turneth her over to the clerk, and bids him be to her a strong tower; and the clerk answereth and sheweth wherein, saying, 'from the face of her enemy.'"

"I marvel," interrupted the rector, "that any man, calling himself a Christian, should dare to falsify and blasphemously to pervert ——"

"Friend," answered Nynd, "thou art not now in thy pulpit, and troublest us. A very strange kind of giving God thanks is this, and a trouble to many honest women, who must come with a veil to cover their faces after the Jewish manner, as though they were ceremonially unclean."

"Yea, but worst of all," said Adkyns, "is the service for Baptism, which containeth interrogations to infants that have no understanding, 'whether they do forsake the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world,' and the rest."

"And, above all," said Chaubley, "is that to be of good Protestants abhorred, where the clergyman

doth sign the child's forehead with the sign of the Cross, which is indeed the very mark of the beast."

"And again it saith," remarked White, "that God hath sanctified the river Jordan, and all other waters, to the mystical washing away of sin."

"Yea but, Master White, what thinketh your honour of that in the Catechism, where it saith, that 'Christ died for all mankind;' not for the elect only?"

"Oh, blasphemous and Arminian error!" returned White; "whereas the elect be but few in comparison of the multitude of them that be reprobates!"

"Furthermore," observed Hyatt, "it perverts the meaning of the Holy Ghost in many places, by putting in and leaving out words, and by calling those places of Scripture epistles which are indeed no epistles, but prophecies."

"And dreadful is it," remarked White, "which is set forth for the Visitation of the Sick. The minister must go to their houses, and salute them, as the Mass Priest doth, saying, 'Peace be to this house, and to all that are in it.' And when he is come to where the sick person is, he must kneel, and read three or four lines of the Litany, and *Lord have mercy upon us*, and the Lord's Prayer, and five versicles of a line and a half long, and a short prayer, and an exhortation,—and then absolve a sick person from all his sins, and begins the absolution with an untruth, that Christ hath left power to His Church,

to absolve all sinners that do truly repent and believe in Him."

"The truth is," rejoined Adkyns, "that CHRIST hath not given power to His Church to forgive sins; and no Church doth take it upon itself but the synagogue of Satan, the Church of Rome, and so many of the Lords Bishops and the clergy of England as are popish."

"All which errors," said White, "thou, Master Tresham, hast blasphemously maintained, by persisting to read that book of Antichrist, the Common Prayer."

"And unworthy had I been," said Mr. Tresham, "to eat the bread of the Church, if I did not obey Her commands. I was born and bred up in Her; She has been to me a most tender and loving mother; GOD has by Her hands fed me all my life long; and it shall not be these poor, miserable, thrice-told slanders against Her that shall prevent my dying in Her Communion. Trampled on Her, you have; persecute Her sons, you may. You have deprived Her of Her fair lands and goodly possessions; you have defiled Her temples, and hushed Her services; yet She, for all that, is the Church, and you are, and can be nought else, schismatics from Her, and cut off from the blessed company of all faithful people."

"I forgive thy railings," said White, "and rejoice that I am counted worthy to be evil-spoken of for CHRIST's sake. Thou dost but speak now as thou didst not long ago, when thou saidst that to die ex-

communicate and to perish everlastingly were one and the same thing,—as it is reported to us by credible witnesses."

"Never spake I such words," said the other. "What I said was this, that it is not for man to judge of individual cases; but that I would not, for all this world's wealth, die under sentence of excommunication; and so say I still."

"Touching bowing at the name of JESUS," said Nynd, "hast thou, or hast thou not, done this?"

"I have," said the rector; "and sooner would I be torn in pieces by wild horses, than give up such an old and godly practice; a practice which even your own party do not blame; for even Sir Edward Dering said in the House of Commons, 'I will do bodily reverence to my SAVIOUR, and that upon occasion taken at His saving name, JESUS.'"

"It is true," answered Adkyns, "that Dering said those words, or the like of them; but who is he, that we should call him master? Worthy Master Prynne did long ago, in his tractate, called 'Lame Giles, his haltings,' refute such a practice, and him I would rather incline to follow."

"But now," asked Nynd, "what say you to the accusation about the Altar? You have moved it to the east end, where it never ought to be, and have called that an Altar, which is indeed but a table."

"Master White," said Mr. Tresham, "divers accusations have you brought against me, not letting me know who they be that accuse me. Where-

fore, before I make answer to any other, I demand to have them set before me, that I may be able to convict them, if they speak falsely."

"Godly Master Nynd is our witness," answered White, "and we need none other; so that if thou hast aught to object, thou mayest allege it boldly."

"It is a most unheard-of thing," exclaimed the rector, "that the same party should be a witness and a judge. I call upon you, good people, to take note of this; and furthermore to observe, that, the state of things being such as to make it impossible for me to have justice, I will make no further answer."

There was a cry of "shame!" among some of the bolder standers-by; and White, rising angrily, said, "Who crieth shame? This ungodly man hath confessed that he hath nothing to reply; wherefore, we will proceed to pass sentence on him."

"Stop, Master White," said the churchwarden; "here have I an attestation, signed by fifty, the most respectable householders in the parish, touching the character of Mr. Tresham, which I would crave leave to read."

"Had we not better proceed at once?" said Adkyns. "The day weareth; and there is much else to be done."

"My friend," returned White, "better were it that we should hear it with all fairness. Read on, Mr. Churchwarden, but be not over tedious."

Farmer Downton read as follows:—"These are to testify, that Master Tresham hath about thirty years

been very painful in discharging his duty, by preaching and catechising every Sunday; and also, in the great sickness, not forsaken his flock; and hath both himself given, and caused others to give, much charity in that extremity and at other times; and hath lived blameless, and done much good in this parish. This paper," he added, "is signed by fifty names, all men of honest repute."

"We will not hear them," said White. "And now have all men out, that our deliberations be not hindered."

After a consultation of about five minutes, Mr. Tresham was recalled, and informed that, in consideration of his manifold popish errors, and his contumacy to the commissioners, he was utterly deprived of the rectory of Scaldwell, and all rents, dues, profits, and revenues, thereunto belonging; and that the same were given, according to the authority in them vested, by the said commissioners, to Master Robert Adkyns, from that day forward to have and enjoy.

"And forasmuch," said White, "as we have heard much of sundry popish and Arminian books in your possession, we think fit to examine them ourselves, and shall go thither incontinently for that end; and, furthermore, we desire your company."

We are too apt, in reviewing the sufferings of the English Church at this period, to lose sight of the lesser miseries to which her true and unflinching sons were exposed. Many a time was the scene we are

going to describe acted over; and yet how little do we admire the courage and fidelity of those who bore all rather than flinch from their duty! All the acts of Christian heroism and patient continuance in well-doing then displayed will never be known till the end of all things; and yet, from the records of the times, we may form some idea of what they must have been. The many happy family circles dispersed, never to be reunited on earth; the barbarity with which every thing that family affection held most sacred was displayed to the gaze of the rude and jesting soldiers; the destruction of fondly cherished memorials of the absent or departed; the cruel heartlessness with which things, valueless in themselves, but hallowed by recollections and associations, were given up to wanton destruction—light store do we set by all these things. And what reward had those who suffered them in their generation? "Trials of cruel mockings and scourgings; yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment; they were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, OF WHOM THE WORLD WAS NOT WORTHY!" If they lived to be restored, it was not till the decline of life, after sixteen years of misery, and then to a Church but the faint shadow of Her former self. Some died, slaves in the plantations; some, strangers in a strange land; some, confined in noisome dungeons. And their own miseries were as nothing, compared with those which they whom they held dearest felt. It

was a noble triumph of faith, which could see wife and children threatened with starvation and misery, and yet fainted not in its resolution! And what reward have they from us? Many, who call themselves Churchmen, seem to sympathise far more with their blood-thirsty and cruel adversaries, the Puritans: they speak of the purity of their doctrinal views, as if they were to form an exception to the rule, "By their fruits ye shall know them*." But it is soothing and cheering to know, that cast out by their contemporaries, and little regarded by us, these holy men have had their reward—and that we may use, in respect to them, the words of one of their number, himself a glorious Confessor for the Church of CHRIST. "Those blessed ones with GOD, that have fought a good fight, kept the faith, finished their course, as they are now regnant in glory with their REDEEMER, so are they honourable amongst the righteous upon earth for ever. They have left a name behind them, so that their praise shall be remembered for evermore. The LORD hath gotten great glory by them, and therefore with renown He will reward them. No Christian will deny or envy them their due: and for myself I say with Nazianzen, it doth me good at heart to see them honoured: I admire, reverence,

* "*Occasionally* disagreeing, as I do, with the views of the Puritans," says the Rev. E. Bickersteth, at the commencement of a 'Recommendatory Notice' of a collection of their Commentaries.

adore them in their kind; their triumphs and trophies over death and hell, my tongue and pen shall most willingly set out to life, with all the poor skill and faculty I have. Thrice happy reapers of That mighty Boaz, that did so worthily in Ephrata, and were so famous in Bethlehem,—that sowed in tears when you went out weeping, but reap now the fruit of your labours in joy; you have left some gleanings for Ruth to gather after you, to the comfort and cherishing of her poor widowed mother. Thrice happy guests of That Royal Ahasuerus, admitted to eat at His royal table in His palace, to drink the sweet wine of felicity in the cups of immortality, clad in the wedding garments of immutability * !"

But to return to our story. The committee of reformers accompanied the rector to the parsonage, and straightway made their way to the library. If Mr. Tresham had ever allowed himself a luxury, it was that of books; and there was in consequence a fine and valuable collection chiefly of the Fathers and of early divinity Huge folio tomes, with parchment backs as white as snow, and paging of deep red stood round the lower shelves; some with embossed sides, some with huge brazen clasps; all bearing traces both of diligent study and of careful keeping. S. Chrysostom, and S. Augustine, and S. Gregory, and S. Basil, and a hundred others of those glorious witnesses to, and guardians of, Catholic Truth; there

* Montague's *Just Invocation.*

were our own divines, Hooker, and Andrewes, and Whitgift, and others, who lived in the days when "there were giants on the earth;" there were also many choice tracts of what was then modern divinity, and some of these were presentation copies, such as Laud's "Answer to Fisher," Pocklington's "Altare Christianum," and Montague's "Appello Cæsarem." No wonder then if Mr. Tresham prized his library above any other of his earthly possessions; and still less that his persecutors took a barbarous pleasure in mutilating or defacing his choicest volumes, and throwing the rest into a heap, lest they should be in the way of the new comer. His sermons, the fruit of many a laborious hour during thirty years' ministry, when sermons were not the composition of an evening but the fruit of a week, in their zeal to prevent the dissemination of error, they burnt or destroyed. In one of the deep old wainscot closets were all the little treasures of Agatha and Rose: this they heartlessly broke open, strewed the precious records of cherished affection therein contained, letters, and memoranda, and keepsakes, over the floor, and commented on them with brutal ridicule and insolence. When they had thoroughly finished their work of devastation, they bade Mr. Tresham to begone, as having no business in a house no longer his own; and he was on the point of obeying, when Nynd, who had been for some minutes absent, returned, and taking White apart, spoke a few words to him in private. The latter then said, "Master

Tresham, we are given to understand that you have lately, since the battle, entertained your son, an officer in the army of the man Charles Stuart, and that you know where at present he lies hid. If you will tell us your knowledge of this matter, well; if not, we may, peradventure, resort to such means as we and you should equally dislike."

"Master White," returned the other, "true it is that my son is, or, alas that I should say it! was, in his Majesty's service; but where he hath bestowed himself since the battle, as I know not, so, if I did, you would be the last to whom I should impart my knowledge. But, as it is, I have neither seen nor heard tidings of him since the night before the fight."

"I will take your word, Master Tresham," said White, "for in this you speak like an honest man. And I think, Master Nynd, you must be fain to rest satisfied with this matter, and pass to other things."

"I would humbly crave of your honour," returned Nynd, "that Mistress Tresham be summoned; and you may call me fool, if she knoweth not something herein."

"You may call my daughter before you, sirs, if you will," said Mr. Tresham: "but to my knowledge, she can say nothing concerning the matter. However, you must do your pleasure herein."

Mistress Downton had in the mean time been using her best endeavours to keep up the spirits of

her guests, but could, unfortunately, think of no other way to accomplish this end than by relating stories of events in the war which had come under her own knowledge. After telling of some clergymen dispossessed of all they had, and ejected from their houses in the dead of winter; of others allowed to linger for months in the Fleet or Marshalsea, unheard and uncondemned, she proceeded to relate an instance of persecution which seemed to have impressed her more deeply than any other.

"Then, again," she continued, "there was good Dr. Sterne, who was right shamefully used of them. My son, now in London, (an honest lad he is, and a comely, though I say it that should not,) did tell me concerning him. He was kept in a ship lying in the Thames, with other gentlemen of good rank, for ten days together, under the deck, more like galley-slaves than free Englishmen: and marry, they were like enough to have been slaves indeed, for all that while some were bargaining with the merchants to sell them to Algiers, or as bad a place. Under the hatches they lay, for there was neither room to sit nor stand, to the number of eighty, and were like to have been suffocated; and, to make the matter worse, the captain had all the vent-holes stopped up. It was that terrible hot August, the year before last, and neither water nor fresh air had they for hours together."

"And how did he get out at last?" asked Rose.

"Why," said her informant, "it was thought he

would be safer in the Fleet; and when he was being taken there, a bystander had like to have been sent with him, only for saying, 'That he looked like an honest man.' At last they sent him to be with the good archbishop at his execution, and then he made a shift to get away to the King at Oxford."

These stories served but poorly to satisfy Agatha against the surprise of being summoned before the committee. She was told, in her way thither, by Sergeant Fletcher, the cause of her being sent for; and this gave her a few moments to make up her mind as to the course to be pursued.

When she entered her father's study, that room where the best and pleasantest hours of her life had been spent, sad indeed was the contrast which struck her. It hardly seemed the same room, where, while she sat with her father in the hot mornings of summer, the sun-beams forcing their way with difficulty through the green leaves outside, and the thick glass of the window, deep and narrow, and with mullions of stone, threw a pleasant green quivering light on the old oaken shelves. Then, again, she remembered the delight she had felt, when a child, at seeing the thick red curtains drawn, fresh logs thrown on the fire, and while the howling of the wind was heard round the exposed corner, or its rumbling down the great old chimney, the glee with which her father would push from him his books and papers, and drawing his chair to the fire, would say, "Well, children, and what shall we read to-night?"

Now it was indeed different. The book-shelves were empty; their precious contents scattered over the floor, or thrown into a smouldering fire, which the ruffians had lighted in the middle of the lawn; and several articles of clothing, which she had herself, with Rose's help, manufactured for some of the old people, scattered carelessly here and there. White was indolently lolling back in the easy chair; a cup of canary (for they had helped themselves to the contents of the cellar) was beside him; and was deeply engaged in the perusal of one of the few parliament books which the rector possessed, (he had once entertained thoughts of answering it) Prynne's *Quench Coale:* three or four other members of the committee were regaling themselves at the table; and Nynd, with the impatience of a fiend, was pacing up and down the room, and waiting the arrival of her, concerning whom it might well be said, that "the hatred with which he hated her was more than the love wherewith he had loved her." Mr. Tresham was calmly awaiting the issue of the inquiry, and watching, from the open window, the arrival of his daughter, and his faithful servant. Bates was standing at a respectful distance, and affectionately observing every motion of his dear master.

At last Agatha entered the room, and at the same moment Mr. Tresham came forward to meet her, and White, laying down the book he was reading, but not moving, said, "Mistress Tresham, our time is precious, and you have much detained us. I have

but a brief question to ask of you, and I will pray you to give me a brief answer. Have you, or have you not, seen your brother, Herbert Tresham, commonly called Colonel Tresham, since yesterday morning?"

Mr. Tresham felt the hand, which he had drawn through his own arm, tremble: but Agatha made no answer.

"Come, Mistress," said Nynd, "tell us all you know herein, and keep us not waiting, like a peevish girl, while you are thinking what answer to give. Come, I say, tell us all you know."

"Master Nynd," returned Agatha, "if one man less than another should desire me to tell all I know, you yourself are that man: as none knows better than yourself."

"Do not," replied White, "bandy words with your father's judges, young woman: but let us hear at once what it is you have to say."

"My dear child," whispered her father, "better it is not to enrage these men further. Tell them at once that you know nought of your brother, and may be they will let you go."

"But, father," returned Agatha, "say so I cannot with truth: for I have both seen him, and know where he is now."

"God protect you, then, my poor child," said Mr. Tresham, "for I cannot. At all events, come what may, you must speak the truth, and shame the devil."

"Which is much the same thing as shaming Master White," said Fletcher, who stood by.

"Now then," said White, "I ask you, Mistress Tresham, for the last time, know you, or know you not, where your brother is?"

"I do," said Agatha, in a low but firm voice.

"And where is he, then?"

"Nay," she replied, "that shall you never hear from me; and none else knoweth."

Nynd turned pale with rage. "And pray, mistress, did you never hear that we had certain ways and means to make dumb people speak?" he said.

"I have," said Agatha: "God forgive you for speaking of them. Me, however, by God's help, they shall not move: and I think you would hardly dare to try them."

"Now, by my faith, Master Nynd," said the rector, "I will not do your masters, bad as they are, the wrong to deem that they will not punish you for this insolence, an it came to their ears."

"O! horrid blasphemy!" said Chankley. "He hath sworn by his faith, when his faith is not his own."

"Say you so? my master," said Mr. Tresham. "I know not what is my own—for you have left me nothing else—if faith be not."

"How can that be," returned the other, "when Scripture saith it is the gift of God?"

"Well," replied the rector, "and for that very

reason it is my own; for what gives a man a greater right to any thing than a free gift?"

"Silence!" vociferated White. "Now Mistress Tresham, will you tell us this matter at once, or must we force the secret from you, by means which might be more profitable than pleasant?"

Agatha's answer was prevented by the entrance of a most unexpected personage, to account for whose appearance we must go back a little in the course of our narrative.

CHAPTER VII.

It was with a glad heart that, after receiving his final instructions from Lenthall, and being especially charged not to lose unnecessary time, Basil set forth on the Friday afternoon which preceded the Sunday whose events we have been narrating. He was mounted on a strong horse, used to long journeys; the little wealth he had amassed, and the few necessaries which he had provided, were in his saddle-bag; and he carried his pistols, loaded, at his holster. After having duly exhibited his pass at the Bishop's-gate, which then stood where Bishopsgate-street Without joins Bishopsgate-street Within, he could not but notice, as he rode along Shoreditch, the excitement which seemed to prevail among all classes; and he thought that the general presentiment on the part of the parliamentary faction seemed to be one of dread. As he paused on Cricklewood-hill, to breathe his horse, and gazed on the huge tower of S. Paul's,

standing out in noble relief against the pale blue of the southern sky, his thoughts dwelt bitterly on the sin and misery into which he had fallen while dwelling in that great city which he was now leaving, perhaps for ever, and he inwardly determined to use his utmost talents and energy to repair the mischief which he had done by advice and example; and by devoting himself to the King's and the Church's cause, to make amends for the assistance he had once given to their adversaries. His lonely journey gave him the greater scope for such reflections: the road appeared almost deserted, and patches of grass were here and there growing in its very centre. The little town of Barnet was as quiet as if it had been stricken with the plague; hardly a soul came to the door of their houses as Basil passed through; and he urged his horse faster over Hadley Heath, meditating more deeply than ever before on the guilt and misery of civil war.

The sun was just setting, and the distant Bedfordshire hills seemed to burn in purple, when Basil caught his first sight of the huge massy tower of S. Alban's Abbey Church; and half an hour more sufficed to conduct him to the gate of the Black Bull, then the principal hostelry in the place.

Master Aminadab Sole, the landlord, who was, to use his own expression, a faithful witness to the truth in these degenerate times, received our traveller with the respect which his appearance demanded; and having ushered him into the long, low, dark,

common room, damp from neglect and desertion, left him, to bring the materials for a fire, which the chilliness of an evening in the early part of June rendered not undesirable. Having with some difficulty forced the wet straw and wood into a blaze, he proceeded to enquire, whether his honour would partake of his supper then, or stay till the usual hour—eight o'clock.

"I should prefer waiting," Basil replied; "and in the meantime," he added, "perhaps you could furnish me with some books. I love not to be idle."

"Would not your worship prefer to step down to Stephen's Church, where godly Master Hews is even now exercising? He hath ever some comfortable crumb for a gracious soul. Last evening he was on that of Paul, about the man of sin, which he did expound of that arch-heretic, William Laud. To-night he doth further show wherein the abominations of prelacy do consist, and willeth his hearers to cut it up root and branch."

"By your good leave," returned Tresham, "I will abide where I am, being somewhat tired with my day's ride. But, an you will bring me some books, I shall be bounden to you."

"Such as I have," replied Aminadab, "shall be at your service; but they be rather to the edifying of faith, than such light and wanton books as the Malignants care for—plays and poems, and such like harlotry. I will go fetch some."

He soon returned with a bundle of tracts and

pamphlets ; and having promised Basil to summon him when supper should be ready, left him alone. Tresham, who was heartily weary of his own sad thoughts, placed himself on the cushioned seat of the deep bow-window, and began to examine the volumes, all of which bore evident traces of careful and repeated perusal. They were, as might be expected, all of the most malignant stamp, addressed to the worst passions of the people, and violently inflammatory. The first he looked at was called, "The Great Eclipse, or Charles his wain overclouded ; otherwise, Great Charles, our gracious King, eclipsed by the destructive persuasions of his queen, by the pernicious aspects of his cabinet council, and by the subtil insinuations of the Popish Faction, Priests, Jesuits, and others. As also from the firing of towns, the shedding of innocent blood, and the lives of his subjects." It was embellished with a frontispiece, representing the King reposing on an easy chair, and at his leisure maiming and mutilating five or six prisoners, while a house was burning near him. The motto was, "The subjects' blood, with fire and sword, cries, Vengeance ! Lord." Then, again, there was a tract, called, "A Catalogue of remarkable mercies conferred upon the seven associated counties.—Printed by command of Edward, Earl of Manchester, and appointed to be published in the several parish churches of the forenamed counties." There was also, "The Parliament's Calendar of Black Saints." "The relation of a combustion

in S. Anne's Church, Aldersgate, between a Jesuit and a preacher." "The two godly Petitions of the county of Buckingham." "Articles of Impeachment against Bishop Wren." "The Papists' Bloody Massacre." "The Archbishop's cruelty to Mr. Edw. Rood, of Abingdon.' "The 47th number (the last then published) of the Parliamentary Newspaper, called, The Scottish Dove sent out." "Newes from Scotland, or the Beast is wounded." At last, seeing a small tract, called, "Rome's ABC," embellished with a portrait of Laud, he took it up. I will make a few extracts from it, by way of showing the inhumanity and brutality with which the *conscientious* Puritans persecuted the aged Archbishop, when he was ill, alone, unprotected, imprisoned, and within a few weeks of his execution.

"We desire your Lordship now at length to grow humble; but what need we petition that, insomuch as long since we knew you were so, or what was the meaning of your lowly bowing? Next, we petition your honour upon Sabbath-days not to walk abroad too much; the zeal which you owe to Lambeth Church be sure to pay it to the Tower Chapel. Next, have a care of your lawn sleeves, lest unawares they chance for to choke you. Next, we desire your honour not to be forgetful of your mortality, which we think you should not,—your chamber having so fair a prospect towards Tower Hill."

"I could not have believed," said Basil, as he threw down the book, "that any man professing

Christianity would so brutally have trampled over a fallen enemy, let him be never so worthy of hatred."

By this time the landlord made his appearance to announce supper; and Basil, on taking his place at the table, found it occupied by his host's family, and by the minister who had just been lecturing at S. Stephen's, Lewis Hews. He was then looking out for some desirable piece of preferment, which he considered himself nobly to have earned by a pamphlet he had some years previously published, under the title of "Certain Grievances," and which, being written in popular language, and with some degree of wit, was said to have produced considerable effect on the minds of many,—though its objections were the thrice-told slanders of Cartwright, Penry, and others, and the arguments not worth the name. From this man, Basil learnt that the county of Hertford was in general disposed to favour the rebels; but that the town of S. Alban's was, as he phrased it, "a very laystall of Prelacy and Profanity. And well might it be," he continued, "when that large house of Rimmon stood in the very midst of it. A right godly work it would be to batter it down, save some small portion, which might be left for the edification of hungry souls; and the proceeds of the rest might be given to the poor, or to painful ministers."

"This he said," thought Basil, "not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief. And

hear you nought, my Masters," he added, aloud, "of a battle towards? Men say, in London, that a few days more will in likelihood let us know somewhat further than we do now of such matters."

"I think," said the preacher, "that there will be no change for this present. Opening my Bible this morning, as is my wont when I would fain gain some glimpse of the future, at random, I did light on the text, 'And the battle passed over to Bethaven.' Wherefore, I opine that so crowning a mercy will not as yet be vouchsafed to us."

Conversation like this concluded the evening; and Basil, on calling for his bill, that nothing might detain him on the morrow, found that his host had ingeniously contrived to cram in every possible item, fair or unfair, and to double charge each. Remonstrance was in vain; for Master Sole would have thought it a mere tempting of Providence to miss so fair an opportunity of fleecing a traveller. This innkeeper, who attended every "exercise" held in S. Alban's, was well known by his unhappy customers to be one of the most shameless cheats in ordinary affairs that ever existed. So true is Walker's account of this party—"their ends, their means, their sayings, their demeanours, were sanctified,—every thing but their hearts."

Starting at a very early hour on the following morning, Basil, who was anxious to make the best of his journey, reached Newport Pagnell about midday. A knot of countrymen were assembled at the

door of the inn where he alighted, and from them he heard that the King and Fairfax had ere this met. The most contradictory rumours prevailed: some would have it that the King had been slain; others, that Fairfax had been taken prisoner, and would be beheaded as a traitor; others again brought forward old prophecies, pointing out the year 45, as one fatal to England; all, however, agreed that the two armies had met somewhere near Northampton. Basil, in an agony of impatience to know the worst, looked in despair at his horse, who by his long hot journey over the sandy Bedfordshire hills was much fatigued, and with some difficuity persuaded the host to lend him a far inferior beast, which stood in his stables, taking his own in pledge: and with this he pushed on as fast as he might. At Stoke Golding, he heard that "rebellion had bad luck;" and as he advanced northward the rumour became better and better authenticated; nor was it till he reached Wootton, a short distance only from Northampton, that he was led at all to doubt of the accuracy of his information. At the latter town, where he did not arrive till after dusk, he heard the whole truth; and it being impracticable, in the then infested and dangerous state of the roads, to proceed, he took up his quarters in an obscure hostelry, and counted almost every hour as it struck, in his anxiety to learn what fate had befallen Scaldwell and its dear inhabitants.

It was he, then, who on the following afternoon (for the "conscientiousness" of a village blacksmith,

who would not replace a shoe which his horse had lost, considerably delayed him) entered the parsonage at the time to which our story has arrived. He heard in the village of the result of the committee, and of the outrages which were being carried on in his father's house; and perhaps it was well for him that he had no time to indulge his feelings on again entering it, nor to reflect how deeply he had sinned, and how bitterly he had suffered, since he last stood within it. Armed with Lenthall's authority, and well known to White, he found little difficulty in clearing the house of its intruders for the present; and then the astonishment and mingled sorrow and joy which followed, when he confessed the crime he had been guilty of, and the anguish he had suffered in consequence, are scarcely to be described. After the first burst of emotion was over, he eagerly enquired what course of action his father intended to pursue. "For," he said, "I am sure that, humanly speaking, the Royal Cause is ruined for the present; and though I may be able to protect you here for a day or two, as soon as the news of my disobeying orders, and hastening to Scaldwell instead of to Naseby, is known, I shall be in more danger than any one else."

"Oh that Herbert were here!" said Agatha. "Would there be no possibility of getting his advice?"

"Where is he?" asked Basil. "If anywhere near, by all means let us send for him."

"At Kettering," replied his sister. "Sergeant Fletcher, I am sure, will ride so far for us. I have the direction. I am sure he will be able to discover him."

While the sergeant was on his errand, which he performed with hearty good will, Basil received from his father an account of the whole proceedings of the Committee, and more especially of Nynd's villainy; and bitterly did he lament that, at the very moment when his connexion with the rebels might have been turned to some good use, the precariousness of his own situation, and the very doubtful tenure on which he held such influence as he had, prevented his taking any notice of the offence.

Sergeant Fletcher executed his commission with as much skill as fidelity; and in little less than two hours after he left the rectory, Herbert Tresham and Colonel Trelawney gallopped up to it. Then came all the joy and sorrow of a second meeting; and next a long and earnest consultation followed on the future plans of the family. The two officers were to repair to Oxford on the following day, and were very desirous that Mr. Tresham and his daughters should share their destiny, whatever it was. The rector himself was unwilling to leave the village where he had so long lived, and the flock among whom he had so unremittingly laboured; but he fully saw the danger of remaining, especially in a place where Adkyns, whose character was notoriously bad, was to be put in possession of the rectory. He was also

forced to allow that his presence in Scaldwell could be but of little avail; whereas every fresh Royalist who swelled the mass at Oxford, exerted an influence which elsewhere he could not hope to have. While he was wavering, Colonel Trelawney rose and said, "Master Tresham, if you would take a turn with me in the garden this fine evening, I should be much obliged to you."

The two paced up and down the well-trimmed gravel walk for the better part of an hour. Trelawney spoke earnestly to his host of the gloomy prospect that awaited the Church and Her true children; he dwelt on his own strong and long-tried affection for Agatha; he pleaded that Mr. Tresham had sanctioned it himself in happier times; he set forth, as delicately as he could, the delight it would give him to have a right to protect the whole family, and to devote what the commissioners might leave of his estate to their use; and finally pleaded so well and so wisely, that, ere they returned to the house, Mr. Tresham had given his consent, provided Agatha's could be won, to their union, as soon as they should have reached Oxford.

Colonel Trelawney then invited Agatha into the garden; and when they again appeared among the family circle, it took no long time to arrange definitively future plans. It was settled that the whole party should, on the following morning, set forth on their journey to Oxford with Basil, whose pass and known character would, they hoped, protect them;

and that the two officers, who were too notorious to be able thus to escape detection, should make the best of their way, by bye-roads, and under such disguise as they could best assume, and join them there; and that as soon as possible after they had reached that loyal city, Trelawney's wishes should no longer be delayed.

CHAPTER VIII.

We shall now pass over a period of two months: and, in order that we may have a clearer view of the posture in which affairs stood at its expiration, will briefly recapitulate the events which happened within it. The Royal Cause was fast falling; disaster after disaster befel it, and, far from the jars and discontents of its partizans being consolidated by misfortune, fresh heart-burnings and jealousies were continually breaking out. The West, which had hitherto been its strong-hold, was every day becoming more and more disloyal; the excesses committed by Sir Richard Grenville and Lord Goring, the association of free bands, under the title of club-men, the apathy, and disunion, and selfishness, which generally prevailed, all tended to alienate the affections of the people from their King, and to render them an easier

prey to the victorious arms of the Parliament. Then the disastrous battle of Petherton bridge, where, through some mistake, in the night, two Royalist officers attacked each other; the defeat of Goring and Lamport, by Fairfax; the raising the siege of Taunton, the surrender of Bridgewater, the capture of Leicester and Hereford, all convinced men that the long protracted struggle was drawing to an end. The King, by a fatal indecision, instead of showing himself at the head of the troops yet faithful to him, lingered in Wales, losing the precious weeks in vainly endeavouring to raise a fresh army there; and allowing his generals in the West to wrangle about titles, and commissions, and precedency. Yet, depressed as he was, betrayed by his friends, and not knowing where to look for advice, Charles, at the beginning of the month of August, wrote thus to Prince Rupert, and the letter is worthy of a King and a Martyr.

"I confess, that speaking either as to mere soldier or statesman, I must say, there is no probability but of my ruin: but as to a Christian, I must tell you, God will not suffer rebels to prosper, nor His cause to be overthrown; and whatsoever personal punishment it shall please Him to inflict upon me, must not make me repine, much less give over this quarrel; which, by the grace of God, I am resolved against, whatsoever it cost me; for I know my obligations, both in conscience and honour, to be neither to forsake God's cause, injure my successors, nor abandon my friends. Indeed, I cannot flatter myself with ex-

pectation of success, more than this, to end my days with honour and a good conscience: which obliges me to continue my endeavours, as not despairing that God may in good time avenge His own cause, though I must avow to all my friends, that he that will stay with me at this time must expect and resolve, either to die for the good cause, or, which is worse, to live as miserable in the maintaining it, as the violence of insulting rebels can make him."

It being evident that the last stake to be thrown for would be the possession of Bristol, both as the second city in the kingdom, and the key of the West, and also as being the only place of importance which still held for the Royalists, both parties turned their attention, at the close of the summer, towards its attack and defence. Among other officers ordered thither were Trelawney and Tresham, after a very brief stay at Oxford. Agatha Trelawney, unwilling to leave her husband in such a service of danger, was yet most reluctant to be separated from her father and sister: and Mr. Tresham, having now no local tie, nor family attachment, consented to accompany his two sons to their new place of sojourn. They were also followed by Basil, whose desertion from the parliamentary side had given occasion to the bitterest expressions of indignation and threats of revenge among his former friends, and who now hoped, by turning to some civil employment, to be able to serve his King zealously and ably.

It was towards the end of July that our party

took up their abode in Bristol. They found every thing in active preparation for supporting a long siege: provisions were daily brought into the city, arms and ammunition provided, bullets being cast, and the weak parts of the walls repaired and strengthened. Herbert sought and obtained a private interview with the Prince, to whom he stated the past errors and present desires of Basil; and the latter was at once set over the victualling department, hitherto but ineffectually supplied.

Orders had already been issued, that every family should victual itself for six months; but, on close enquiry, Basil discovered that out of 2,500 families then remaining in the city, 1,500 were not able to provide any provisions whatever. To remedy this, two thousand bushels of corn were imported from Wales, and numerous herds of cattle were driven in every day from the surrounding country, by parties appointed for that purpose.

Trelawney and Tresham found active employment in superintending the repairs of the works. The line to be defended was more than four miles in circumference, and the available force did not exceed 2000 men. Some difference of opinion at first existed, whether the city should be defended alone, or the possession of the whole of the outworks also maintained: the latter course was at last agreed upon, because it was hoped that if one general attack could be resisted, the enemy would be discouraged, and the lateness of the season prevent another from

being attempted. The city walls themselves were of no great extent: the river Frome bounded it on the west and north, the Avon on the south, and a line of fortifications, extending from the Castle Green to the upper part of the Old Market, on the east. But the outworks formed a far larger circumference: containing part of Brandon hill, S. Michael's hill, S. James's-square, the whole of the Old Market, and the Temple, and S. Mary Redcliffe. They were defended by five principal works: Prior's hill Fort, Colston's Fort, the Great or Royal Fort, Brandon hill Fort, and the Water Fort. The walls were generally about three feet thick, and five in height. The men worked day and night in repairing the decayed parts: there was no time to cut and level the hedges and ditches near, from which the rebels afterwards derived great benefit.

Mr. Tresham, and Agatha and Rose, took up their abode in Corn-street, in a central position; and, as there was often a difficulty in being able to attend the Cathedral, on account of the military operations carrying on along the river, which intervened between it and the city, he asked and obtained leave from Bishop Howell to perform daily service in S. Stephen's Church, which was left by the then rector: and the attendance was very full both morning and afternoon.

Anxious as they were for the success of the defence, and anxiously impatient for the first tidings of the enemy's approach, the evenings which the whole party spent together after the business of the day was over, were yet gilded by a happiness which, since Basil's

falling away, had been wanting. The two officers anticipated bright success: they knew well Prince Rupert's courage and military talents, and hoped that his besetting sin, rashness, would be effectually kept under by his present position. Mr. Tresham, of less sanguine temperament, nevertheless thought that the Royal cause would be gaining strength and consistency elsewhere, while the enemy was detained before Bristol: and the sisters, taking their opinions from those they loved best, were not unwilling to make the most of their present domestic happiness, and to let the morrow take thought for the things of itself.

On the twentieth of August it was generally known through the city, that the enemy, under Fairfax and Cromwell, were advancing from the east: that Commissary-general Ireton had taken possession of most of the small towns and villages near the city, and that orders had been sent to Admiral Moulton, then at Milfordhaven, to blockade Bristol by sea. Two days afterwards the first body of the enemy appeared on Pile-hill: and that afternoon the whole party were summoned by the officers for a walk on the Southern Ramparts. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the scene. Far away to the south, the blue hills of Somersetshire slept in the quiet, hazy sunshine; the enemy were distinctly visible on a nearer eminence; to the right, that queen of parish churches, S. Mary Redcliffe, stood out in noble relief; behind, the various towers and spires of the city were grouped together, and, high above all, the Royal Standard

floated lazily from the top of the Castle. Here and there a low dray, loaded with cannon balls, was being dragged along the ramparts, and the distant line of the outworks was partially visible on some of the eminences to the right. All the sounds of a busy city were borne along with the breeze; carts, heavily loaded with stone, rumbled through the narrow streets, or a light piece of artillery rattled along, as it was moved to another locality; sometimes the clanking of a small party of horse might be heard; and an occasional laugh or jest sounded along the wall. In the midst of all these preparations for war, the House of Peace continued as usual, and the Cathedral bells were chiming for evening service.

"How very, very beautiful is all this!" said Agatha, at length. "Oh that its beauty should be what it is!"

"It is a city," replied her husband, "worthy to be that in which a King's last hopes should be fixed. I am sure that it will not disappoint his trust."

"And how long," asked Rose, "do you really expect to be able to make its defence good?"

"For six months, we trust," he replied; "but the Prince hath promised his Majesty to hold it four. And long before that time, I trust, the King will be enabled to raise the siege."

"And where, my dear husband," said Agatha, "would be your post, in case of an attack?"

"It will be," answered he, "in the opposite part

of the city, a good mile and a half hence. Prior's-hill-fort. It is not the largest of the forts, but it is one which will probably be the first object of the enemy; and the Prince has much honoured us by appointing us thither."

"How popular he seems to be," remarked Agatha. "The people crowd round to get a sight of him when he comes forth, and appear never to be weary of gazing on him."

"And his demeanour is right gracious to them," said Rose. "I had always heard him called haughty and overbearing; to them, I am sure, he is quite the contrary."

"Haughty enough he can be," said Herbert; "no one more so; but he knows the way to win men's hearts, and is practising it now."

"Look, Charles! look!" exclaimed Agatha, "that gate is being thrown open! What is that body of horse going to do? and what is that trumpet?"

"The Prince hath commanded a sortie this afternoon," her husband replied. "Sir Richard Crane heads it. A right gallant man is he, and I doubt not will dislodge the enemy, safe enough as they think themselves, from yonder hill."

The little body of horse wound under the wall, and Sir Richard, as he passed, bowed low to the party on the ramparts, who returned his salutation.

"He shall sup with us to-night," said Trelawney, as he walked back to their lodgings. "He is a

brave man as ever lived, and will have some notable feat to tell us of."

In less than an hour the Royalists were driven back into the city in some confusion; but Sir Richard Crane returned no more: he received his mortal wound in charging up the hill.

On the Sunday morning which followed, the city began to assume the appearance of a beleaguered place. A heavy cannonade was heard from the north all the morning, the great fort, and Prior's-hill fort, firing continually. So mournful a service Agatha had never before attended. At the moment her father was commencing the Church prayers, her husband and brother were heading a sally from the Prior's sally-port; and never did the petition seem more seasonable—"That it may please Thee to succour, help, and comfort, all that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation,"—than now. On returning home, she had the joy of finding a note from Trelawney, to the effect, that though they had been repulsed by Colonel Ramsborough's brigade, yet he and Herbert were unhurt. Then followed all the alarms of a formed siege. On the Monday, information was received of an intrigue carrying on within the city, to betray it to the Parliament; several suspected persons were seized and imprisoned, and the design thus nipped in the bud. On the Tuesday, a very vigorous sally was made against Colonel Weldon's quarters, at Bedminster: Sir Bernard Ashley, a gallant Royalist, fell in it. On the Thurs-

day, the fort at Portishead was taken; and thus a communication opened with the ships in Kingroad. The Friday was observed by the rebels as a fast, to implore the blessing of Providence on their designs: the exercise of Master Peters and Master Dell was sadly interrupted by a sally which the Prince headed about noon.

It was well known that the enemy was concerting a general storm of the city; and that preparations, though much interrupted by the continual succession of wet weather, were still carrying on vigorously; that cannon baskets were ordered to be filled, ladders making, and seamen and soldiers sent for. On the Thursday, a bridge having been completed across the Avon, and the enemy's quarters thus joined, a flag of truce was sent into the city, which brought a summons to surrender. Fairfax had the impudence to tell Prince Rupert that the surrender would be an act glorious in itself, and joyful to all parties, for the restoring the love of the people and Parliament of England, the truest friends to the King and his family. "But if," he continued, "this be hid from your eyes, and so great, so famous, and so ancient a city, so full of people, be exposed, through your wilfulness in putting us to force the same, to ruin and extremity of war (which yet we shall in that case as much as possible endeavour to prevent), then I appeal to the righteous God to judge between you and us, and to requite the wrong; and let all England judge whether to burn its houses, and ruin its

cities, and destroy its people, be a good requital from a person of your family, which have had the prayers, tears, money, and blood of this Parliament."

If Fairfax, undoubtedly the most conscientious among the rebels, could write in this strain, we may form some conjecture as to the distortions which the truth received from persons less troubled with scrupulosity, and, therefore, fitter agents for the Parliament.

Prince Rupert returned the following answer, not unwilling to procure some time by negotiation, in order to carry on a yet unfinished work :—

"SIR,—I received yours by the trumpet, and desire to know if you will give me leave to send a message to the King, to know his pleasure therein.

"I am,

"Your servant,

"RUPERT."

"Sept. 4, 1645."

To this proposition, Fairfax would not consent; the negotiation however pended a few days more; and it was not till the evening of Tuesday, the 9th of September, that it was finally broken off, by the Prince's sending an absolute negative to the enemy's last proposals.

As soon as the answer was dispatched, Tresham and his friend repaired to their lodgings, to prepare those dearest to them for the approaching attack.

"Cheer up, my own Agatha," said Trelawney, as

he bade her farewell; "this, after all, will be nothing to Naseby; and GOD, who protected us then, will, I nothing doubt, protect us now. Whatever happens, it will be my comfort that you are safe with your father, and your brother: the case might have been different, and then I could not have gone to my post with half so light a heart."

"I can trust you, indeed I can, in GOD's hands," replied Agatha; "and you too, my dearest Herbert. Only, the moment you are able to send us any news of your safety, I am sure we may depend on having it."

"Rest assured you may," said her husband. "Perhaps the attack may be of no long duration; but at all events, I entreat you earnestly, let what may happen, not to stir from this house till you see or hear from us. You can be nowhere so safe; and it may be important that I should know where at once to find you."

"It is a noble thought, Charles," said Mr. Tresham; "and you must feel it your greatest comfort, that you are fighting on GOD's side, that GOD's people are praying for you, that the Church Herself blesses you, that all the influence prayer has,—and who can tell how much that is?—is exerted for you; and that if you fall, many a canonized Martyr—I speak it not to disparage those Blessed Saints—hath less a claim to that title than you will have. There, now go; and GOD's grace and protection be with you both!"

Agatha and Rose exerted themselves to appear calm and composed till the two officers were gone; but then,—and who could blame them for it?—they wept, to quote the beautiful language of Scripture, till they had no more power to weep.

The evening wore away, and a dark still night came on,—far better suited to the wishes of the besiegers than to those of the besieged. Trelawney and Tresham endeavoured to inspirit the men in their little fort: it mounted thirteen guns. They were in high spirits, and made no doubt that the defence would be successful; and the feeling was much the same all round the outworks.

Sir Thomas Fairfax, who had taken up his quarters at an old small farm-house nearly opposite to Prior's fort, was busied the whole evening in giving his final directions. Two regiments of horse were stationed on Durdham Down, to intercept the Prince's flight, should he attempt to desert his charge; and one occupied the little village of Clifton with a similar design. Minute directions were sent to the officers, the pass-word given out, and then, for an hour or two, all was silence on both sides. Mr. Tresham and his daughters began to hope that their alarm had been premature; the fire, which (for the nights were beginning to grow chilly) they had more than once replenished, grew low; and still there was no sign of any unusual movement. The Cathedral clock at length chimed two; a few seconds afterwards a long pale blaze shot up from the heights

of Clifton, and four great guns being fired at the same moment against Prior's-hill fort, the storm began all round the city in about twenty places at once. The first attack was hottest between Temple-gate and the Avon,—as nearly as possible where the terminus of the Great Western Railway now stands. In this line of wall, three places were stormed by Colonel Weldon, with his brigade of three regiments. The whole operation was conducted with the utmost skill and courage: at each place were two hundred men in the middle, with two hundred on each side, forlorn hopes, to begin the storm; two ladders, each carried by two men, and attended by two sergeants; twelve files of men with fire-arms and pikes, to follow the ladders; twenty pioneers to throw down the walls when the breach should be made, so as to allow the entrance of the horse; and a small party to turn the guns, when captured, on the city. This attack, however, was unsuccessful: Prince Rupert met it in person,—and who could hope to resist his impetuosity? Lauford's-gate, standing on the Bath Road,—the weakest part of the whole line,—was less fortunate; Colonel Montague forced his way into it about three o'clock. The seamen had been ordered by Admiral Moulton to advance by water; but the tide failing, they joined themselves to Colonel Whalley's regiment. The great struggle took place on the line between Colston's fort and Prior's-hill; just where S. James's-street now stands. In spite of the incessant fire directed by Trelawney and

Tresham, with Major Price, against the rebels, the forlorn hope, commanded by Captain Ireton, succeeded in making a breach, after a murderous combat of two hours; and the pioneers having quickly made it practicable, the horse entered with undaunted courage. They were charged by a small body of royalist cavalry, commanded by Colonel Taylor, who had formerly been a member of the House of Commons, and but recently returned to his allegiance. This officer was mortally wounded in the very onset, his men were thrown into confusion, and kept up the character attached to the Royal Cavalry all through the war,—that though they charged with the greatest fury at first, when once disheartened, they never could be brought to action again; whereas the rebels might be rallied again and again, and advanced as steadily as at the beginning. In the present instance, they quite retreated from the scene, and sheltered themselves under the great fort. Thus a considerable part of the line fell into the hands of the rebels; but Prior's-hill fort obstinately held out for two hours; the guns became nearly red-hot from continual firing, and the men were ready to faint with their exertion; yet there was not a mention made of surrendering. The Roundheads crept up to the portholes, and plied them with musketry, the fort playing on them fiercely with both great and small shot, till the ladders were brought up. These proving too short, a terrible carnage took place, while two were being fastened together. The roy-

alists held out with the greatest constancy, knowing that if they could only keep the fort till daylight,—and light was beginning to break in the east,—Colston's fort would bring its guns to bear on the enemy, which now was impossible, lest the fire should have injured some of the Royalists. Of this the rebels were also aware, and therefore redoubled their efforts; some actually crept in at the port-holes, others got to the top of the works. Captain Lagoe, of Colonel Pride's regiment, was the first to seize the colours; and the royalists then abandoning the upper part ran below, and attempted to barricade themselves on the ground story. This lasted but about five minutes; then the enemy burst in both from above and at the side, and the besieged, finding themselves surrounded by tenfold numbers, threw down their arms, and begged for quarter. No quarter, however, was at first shown; Major Price was butchered in cold blood: and five only, among whom were Trelawney and Tresham, were taken prisoners.

Light broke: the whole of the outworks were in the hands of the rebels: the city was on fire in several places; the soldiery thoroughly disheartened, and every one disposed to forebode evil. For once, Rupert's spirits were broken: and within four hours after the capture of Prior's-hill Fort he demanded a parley.

Trelawney and Tresham had been kept under guard in the same house which formed Fairfax's head-

quarters; at about seven in the morning they were informed that he wished to communicate with them, and were accordingly ushered into the room where he sat. He was surrounded by several of the Parliamentary officers, all actively engaged in the business of a very substantial breakfast.

"Gentlemen," he said, rising to meet them as he spoke, "I can only express my hearty sorrow, so far as respects yourselves, for the fate which has thrown you into my power, and my regret that the skill and courage you displayed last night—and I never saw greater skill, or more determined courage—was not exerted in a better cause, than in fighting against the constitution of England, and the liberties of her inhabitants. If you will so far honour me as to partake of my poor fare, I will set forth the reasons which moved me to request your company."

The officers having accepted the invitation, Fairfax proceeded. "Prince Rupert hath agreed to certain articles of capitulation, which will shortly be signed, so that the siege is virtually at an end."

"Of capitulation!" exclaimed Tresham: "impossible! The city is defensible for months, notwithstanding the loss of the outworks; the Prince can never think of surrendering it."

"Such notwithstanding is the case," answered the General; "I will show you the draught of the articles. 'The Prince to march out with all the honours of war; to have safe convoy to any garrison he shall name within fifty miles of Bristol; the city

to be surrendered before one o'clock to-morrow; the prisoners instantly set free, and hostages given on both sides.' You see, gentlemen, there is no cause for doubt."

"It is true," replied Herbert, "that we did not think you would have gained such an advantage on last night. But I would sooner cut off my right hand than sign those articles; and if the Prince does it, I am sure that he will be called to account for it."

"I am sorry that, in that case, I shall be compelled to detain you with me till the whole is formally signed; for right grieved should I be that any thing should intervene which might throw difficulties in the way of so Christian a work."

"You will act as you please," replied Trelawney; "but most surely, whenever and wherever, I shall not cease to protest against so infamous a surrender of our best hopes."

Fairfax, whose temper, naturally hasty, was admirably under his control, did not seem distressed, but only observed—

"The ransom of each will be fixed at a thousand crowns, but as it may not be easy for you at once to raise such a sum, I shall feel pleasure in taking your word for it, and releasing you from your present uncomfortable situation. But, at the same time after the sentiments which you have just expressed, I shall feel it my duty to detain you till the capitulation is actually signed."

The grief with which the King received the news

of the surrender of Bristol, a place of such importance for the support of his sinking fortunes, and the odium which Prince Rupert incurred for surrendering a post, that he had promised to maintain for four months, are well known. The rebels, after taking possession of the city, appointed a day of solemn thanksgiving for the success which had been vouchsafed to their arms. The cruelty with which Bishop Howell, a man universally beloved and esteemed, was treated, would alone surpass belief, were it not well attested. His lady was then recovering from her confinement: the rebels uncased the palace of all its lead, so that she was exposed to the weather day and night. He himself was pulled violently out of his palace, which they made into a malt-house, and entertained the idea of erecting a kiln where the High Altar stood. He did not long survive their barbarous usage: but dying of grief, was buried in the south aisle of his own Cathedral. And he has no monument, but a plain black slab, whereon is engraven the single word—EXPERGISCAR.

CHAPTER IX.

"The tyrannous and bloody deed is done :
The most arch-piece of cruel massacre
That ere this lower world was guilty of."

RICHARD III.

IT is the melancholy task of the historian, and not ours, to trace the gradual steps, from the defeat at Chester to the dispersion of the last royalist body under Lord Ashley, which led to the total downfal of the Royal Cause. We will rather pursue the fortunes of the family, whose tale we have been relating, to their close.

It was a gloomy evening, at the beginning of February, 1649; daylight had just faded away over Scaldwell, the wind was beginning to rise, and the clouds drifted rapidly over the moon. The church, in its outward appearance, was little altered since we last saw it; but, in the interior, every thing, from the demolished Roodscreen and open roof, to the newly erected and cumbrous pews, showed traces of Puritan ravages. The parsonage was fast falling

into decay; for Master Adkyns, discontented at not having obtained a better piece of preferment, and fearful of being (as at no very distant period was indeed the case) ejected in his turn, to make way for an independent, would not be at the trouble of bestowing on it the necessary repairs. The whole village seemed to have changed its character; want, and desolation, and filth, had made their appearance where all before was neatness and comfort; the merry open English faces of the former inhabitants had given way to the sour Genevan cast of the precisest Puritanism:

> "Still so perverse and opposite,
> As if they worshipped God for spite."

The labourer no longer went forth to his daily toil, whistling some merry tune, and as cheerful as the lark which was singing above him; but with discontented and melancholy steps, as if it were hard that while so many, not originally his superiors, had, in the late changes, risen to wealth and power, he should still remain in the drudgery to which he was born. The church, formerly almost too small to contain all the worshippers, would now have held double the number that attended. The Directory was hated by all: those who had complained of the length of the Church prayers, found that they gained little in this respect by the adoption of a form of worship, where the heads of prayer alone took up ten closely printed quarto pages; and the commen-

tary on this might, at the discretion of the minister, be expanded to ten times its length. Those who had objected to the repetition in the former prayers, now discovered that repetition of the same words was better than repetition of the same ideas in different terms, and the introduction of the favourite expressions and pet phrases of the officiating minister became ludicrously painful. The occasional offices were vehemently disliked. Sergeant Fletcher observed, that he had never looked on those as honest women who had been married by the Directory (the sergeant only repeated King James's famous declaration at the Hampton Court Conference, that he should hardly think himself well married without the ring); "and as to the burial," he would continue, "it is more like the burial of a dog than a Christian being." And very many agreed with the honest sergeant in these views, though they might not perhaps express them so strongly.

But to return. On the evening we have mentioned, an old man, but apparently more infirm through sorrow than through years, and a lady, who, though still young, wore the deep mourning of a widow, might have been seen entering the churchyard of Scaldwell. They paused before a low modest headstone, on which were engraven the letters,—"R. T. 1648," and stood beside it for some moments without speaking.

"Dear, dear Rose!" said Agatha Trelawney, at

length,—for she it was who, with her father, was paying the first visit to her sister's grave; "it is better as it is for both of us. It was a sorer trial even to me to see you pining away day by day, and to be unable to procure you the medicine and necessaries which might perchance have saved your life, than to know that you are now at rest, though it be in 'the land that is very far off.' And for you, oh how incomparably glorious is the change!"

"Glorious indeed!" said Mr. Tresham; "glorious indeed! It has been a merciful stroke,—merciful both to her and to us. All our privations we suffered far more for her than we did for ourselves; and she felt them the more, because she saw that we did so. Now she has done with suffering for ever. And what a glorious company of those that have suffered in the same cause are there with her!"

"How unspeakably must those happy spirits pity us!" returned Agatha. "And how graciously is it ordered that we should have so many inducements to set our affections on things above! When my husband fell, it seemed as if I had not a single tie to bind me to earth; and I did not know how strong a band there was, till I watched by the sick bed of my Rose. And now, my dearest father, that you are left alone, and that Herbert and Basil are separated from us, there seems more need than ever that I should be your support and comfort."

"And so you are, my dearest child; without you,

this world would be indeed a wilderness to me. But who comes here?" he added, as two figures entered the wicket-gate, and approached rapidly.

"I have given you express orders, Master Tresham," said Adkyns, "not to loiter about this place, as I constantly find you doing. You have no longer —and I and the village bless God for it—any business here; I only wish you would take yourself off altogether."

"A pleasant time you have chosen for an evening walk, Mistress Trelawney," said his companion, who was none other than Nynd. "You would have been too late another evening; for I have given orders that that stone shall be removed to-morrow: I cannot, as churchwarden, allow such an eyesore to exist."

Agatha burst into tears.

"Stop a moment, Master Tresham," continued Nynd. "Have you heard the news from London? Charles Stuart was made a head shorter last Monday than he was before."

Though somewhat prepared for the possibility of such an occurrence, by the knowledge he had acquired of the proceedings of the High Court of Justice, the news were too much for Mr. Tresham, and he fainted away. Adkyns and Nynd walked off; and had it not been for the timely appearance of sergeant Fletcher, Agatha's perplexity would have been extreme.

"Don't take on so, my dear young lady; don't

take on so," said he, as he carried her father homewards. "Such a shock was enough to upset any one at first: and Mr. Tresham is not very strong; but give him time, and I doubt not he will get over it."

And the sergeant's words were fulfilled; though not till after a long illness. While she watched by the sick-bed of her father, in the miserable cottage, which had been for some time his abode, Agatha's thoughts naturally reverted to the past: for there was too little of promise in the future to induce her to look forward to that. After the capture of Bristol, our party had, with other loyalists, passed into Wales, and finally followed his Majesty to Chester. In the battle near that place, Trelawney was second in command under Sir Marmaduke Langdale, and was shot through the heart at the moment of his leading on his regiment to their first charge. The King showed the respect he bore to that officer by attending his funeral as a mourner, in Chester Cathedral, and paying a visit to Agatha shortly afterwards. When the war was virtually terminated, Colonel Tresham, who could only have been a burden to his father, passed over into Holland, to offer his services to the Prince; and Basil was established in London, as a secret agent for the Royalists. Trelawney's estate having been confiscated by the Rebels, Mr. Tresham and his daughters were reduced to extreme necessity; and having applied for his fifths from the Committee of Plundered Ministers, he ob-

tained, after some expense and great trouble, and a personal appearance in town, an order on Adkyns for their payment. To this order, however, Adkyns paid no attention; and Mr. Tresham, hopeless of procuring justice by another appeal, settled himself in a small cottage in a village where he had all his life resided; and made a shift to support himself by the kindness of friends, some of whom were nearly as poor as himself; and by now and then giving a few lessons to the sons of some neighbouring farmers. The hardships which she had undergone, and the privations to which she was exposed, proved too much for Rose's strength; she gradually sunk under them: and, in the second winter of her return to Scaldwell, was buried by the side of her mother. Mr. Tresham earnestly petitioned that he might be allowed to read the Burial Service over his daughter; and Adkyns consented, on payment of ten pounds. This, however, being a sum totally beyond the utmost efforts of both Mr. Tresham and Sergeant Fletcher to raise, though they offered to make it up in time, permission was refused: and Rose Tresham was committed to the ground without a Christian hope being expressed over her coffin, or a Christian prayer breathed over her tomb.

When Mr. Tresham was sufficiently recovered to be able to bear it, a letter was given him by Agatha, which during his illness had arrived from Basil. It contained a full account of the Martyrdom of King Charles, of which Basil had been an eye-witness;

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and concluded nearly in the same terms as did that of Sancroft to his father. "The black act is done, which all the world wonders at, and which an age cannot expiate. The waters of the ocean we swim in cannot wash out the spots of that blood, than which none was ever spilt with greater guilt since the Son of God poured out His. And now we have nothing left but to importune the God to Whom vengeance belongs, that He would show forth Himself: and speedily account with these prodigious monsters, or else hasten His coming to judgment, and so put an end to these enormous crimes, which no words yet in use can read, or thought conceive, without horror and amazement."

Years rolled on, and brought with them few or no changes worthy of record. Adkyns was displaced to make way for an Independent, Orton; a man, if possible, of more degraded character than his predecessor. Colonel Tresham rose rapidly in dignities in foreign service, and was enabled from time to time to transmit sums of money for his father's use. Basil was concerned in every scheme and plot for the Restoration of the King: but though he never once slept in safety, he remained undiscovered in the very head-quarters of his enemies. Nynd, after a long course of successful villainy, was murdered one night by a servant, for the sake of the money which he had amassed.

The only other particular worthy of record, which happened during the miserable time of the common-

wealth, was an adventure which befel Sergeant Fletcher, shortly after the death of Cromwell. He was riding, at a late hour, one night over Naseby, when, to his astonishment, at the very summit of the Down, he saw the flashes of torches, and heard some snatches of military funeral music. Excessively terrified, he rode back at full speed to Scaldwell, where his story found no credence. He went over in broad day-light on the following morning—a bright day in September—but, except an appearance here and there of trampled grass, could find nothing to corroborate his belief that a considerable company had been there the night before. It was indeed rumoured that a regiment of horse, accompanied by a kind of car, had passed through Brixworth on the previous day: but little notice was taken of this circumstance; and the sergeant's story, though he continued to assert it till his dying day, was looked upon as a mere delusion of the imagination. Recent historical discoveries, however, have tended to confirm this statement; by making it at least probable that Cromwell's instructions were complied with, and he himself interred in that spot at Naseby, where he had turned the fate of the day, and thus laid the foundation of his own future greatness.

The 29th of May, 1660, not only restored her Church and her King to England, but brought back peace and happiness to many of her children. Herbert and Basil, having witnessed the triumphant procession from Blackheath, rode post to Scaldwell; and the family

circle, though on earth it could never again be entire, was once more no longer separated by civil strife.

It had been the earnest prayer of Mr. Tresham, that he might live to see the Church in England re-settled; and his desire was granted. Orton, the intruding minister, died—as some said, destroyed himself—before the Restoration; so that Mr. Tresham peaceably returned, immediately after that event, to the rectory. "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated," though now in extreme old age; and he undertook the duties of a parish priest with undiminished vigour. He watched with intense interest the proceedings of the Savoy Conference; and when it was known that a revised edition of the Common Prayer was contemplated, he became most anxious, lest any undue concessions should be made. Before its appearance, he was confined to his bed by his last sickness; and more than once expressed his fears that he should not live to know what had been changed in it. By Basil's means, one of the earliest copies was forwarded from London; and Agatha was instantly summoned to undo the treasure.

Sitting down by her father's bedside, she read slowly and distinctly the preface. He expressed himself much pleased with several passages, and especially when she came to the sentence, "We are fully persuaded in our judgments, and we here submit it to the world, that the book, as it stood before established in law, doth not contain any thing contrary to the word of God, or to sound doctrine."

"That is a good confession to set out with," said the rector. "Is there any alteration in the Calendar?"

"Yes," replied Agatha; "we have two new Saints'-days, S. Paul and S. Barnabas."

"Very good indeed," said Mr. Tresham.

"I can find no alteration in the order for Daily Prayer, except the addition of a Collect for all sorts and conditions of men, and a General Thanksgiving."

"Well," said Mr. Tresham, when he had heard them, "they were not perhaps absolutely needed, but they are beautiful prayers,—and, if I am not mistaken, I can recognize my old friend, Sanderson, in the last."

"The Epistles and Gospels, I see," pursued Agatha, "are taken out of the Common Translation, but the Psalms are left."

"I should have been very sorry," remarked her father, "if they had been touched. They are more homely than King James's Translation; but there always seems to me much more heart and feeling in them."

"Here is an office for Adult Baptism," proceeded Agatha; "I am sure that will be much needed."

"Let me hear it," said Mr. Tresham. It was read, and he expressed himself much delighted with it.

"I can only find one more alteration," said Agatha, "and that is in the Communion Service,

where, before the Prayer for the Church Militant, a rubric is introduced, commanding the Priest THEN to set the Elements on the Altar; and in the Prayer itself, after 'we beseech Thee to accept these our alms,' the words, '*and oblations*,' are added."

"That is a very great improvement," said Mr. Tresham; "it brings distinctly forward the doctrine of a Commemorative Sacrifice in the Holy Eucharist, which had hitherto been too much obscured. Well, after the fear with which I regarded this revision of the Prayer Book, I may well, my Agatha, take up, with aged Simeon, my *Nunc dimittis*."

Our tale is told; and if it warns any one against an admiration of the doctrinal views, a belief in the deep experimental knowledge, and a study of the writings, of those whose deeds were so fearfully wicked, it will not have been told in vain.

THE END.

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